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LOVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

No delights are delightful
  But only what love gives,
And there is no sweet, sweet country
  But only where he lives.

Often with tender frowning
  He comes to us for grace—
So morning seeks the kiss of th' sun
  With her wings about her face!

Pillows downy with broideries
  Of swans, are not so fair
As any lowly bed of moss
  That love will agree to share.

He, now, under palace windows
  His pipe for a queen doth play,
And now for a village maid he trails
  A sheephook all the day.

Pitiful, poor little flowers, would
  I could gather you out of the dew,
For th' wind and th' rain are fantasies,
  And nothing but love is true.

Daisy, daffodil, red-leaved rose,
  Lily that never spun,
What lives you would live, what joy you would give
  If love could be your sun.

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THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

INTRODUCTION.

When I had heard Maurice Garland's story, I told him that he must write it down, and have it printed. There was something in it so strange and startling—such a spice of mystery in its adventure, and such touching devotion in its scenes of love and friendship—that I knew the written story would be an entertaining one.

"But," said Garland, throwing his cigar away with an impatient movement, "you know I can't write. That is—I can't write such a thing as you would have me write. I can write a letter, and I can write a general order; but I shouldn't dare to attempt a story,—no, no."

"Write it just as you have told it to me," I replied.

"Ah, that's easier said than done," returned my friend. He lighted a fresh cigar, and having taken a few whiffs, he looked up with a new idea beaming upon his face.

"Look'e, Colonel, YOU can write. Now, if you're so anxious to have my story printed, just write it out, and give it to the publisher. You have my free consent."

"But," said I, "it might not sound so well second-handed."

"Then," added the captain, "write it *first*-handed. Write it just as though I was writing it myself. You can do that easy enough. I shall be here while you are at work, and whenever you get stuck I can help you out."

"In short," I suggested, "you are to tell the story, and I am to be your amanuensis."

"No,—not exactly so; for I shan't attempt to dictate. You'll rather be my EDITOR."

We smoked our cigars; and before we went to bed I had consented to write the story. And so, dear readers, I give you Captain Maurice Garland's history of a HUNTED LIFE, with its attendant adventures, as though it came from his own lips.

CHAPTER I.

A SHADOW OF NIGHT.

I am not going to give you a history of my life; so, touching my earlier years, I need only say that I was born of good, kind, generous parents, very near to the city of New York. My father was a mechanic—an intelligent, ingenious, industrious man; who laid up some property, and gained some celebrity as a prominent and efficient officer in one of the crack regiments of our volunteer militia. He died when I was eighteen; and my mother followed him to the land of spirits before I reached my majority. So I was left an orphan, without brother or sister, to make my way in life as best I could. But, thanks to my father's prudent foresight, I was already on the road to preferment. His martial spirit had led him to seek for me a place in the military academy, and I graduated with much honor shortly after my mother's death.

It is not a very pleasant thing to lose one's parents; but still the bitterest afflictions of life may be subdued, and bent to some good purpose, if we have the will to struggle above them and reach forth after new helps in the path of duty. The loss of my parents threw me back upon myself, and I took up the burden, determined to bear it bravely and honorably.

At the age of twenty-eight I came back to the scenes of my youth a stout, strong man. I had seen some service; had been in battle many times; had met the enemy without flinching; had stood where the bullets flew about me like hail; had gained honorable, flattering mention in the reports of my general; and had now come home, a captain and a hero, to spend a long furlough. I had no near relatives to visit, and but few personal friends. I came to see only one—one whom I loved—whom I had loved from earliest youth.

Let me tell you of Edith Duncan. She was younger than I—some four years,—but we had been playmates together—had been associates in youth—and in later years we had told our love. She was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl; fair and beautiful; with nut-brown, curling hair; with features moulded to the reflection of every gentle grace; and with a form as faultless as ever grew beneath the hands of a sculptor. When I went away her father was living, a wealthy, thriving merchant; but when I came back her father was dead, and she and her mother resided a little way up the Hudson, in a sequestered villa, where fruits and shrubs and vines grew in luxuriant abundance, and from the broad veranda of which the noble river opened brightly to view with its sparkling wavelets and teeming life of canvas and of steam.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

THE RIVALS.

I was happy when I stepped on board the steamer, and I was happy when I came in sight of the quiet villa—happy with the flush of hope and of promise; but when I had gained the landing, and turned my steps up the winding footpath, a shadow fell upon me. It came as comes the shadow from a cloud that sweeps over the sun, and a chill came with it. Why was this? Only the rebounding of my own eagerness. I laughed away the fear which came very nigh settling upon me, and hurried on. At the door I rang the bell, and a servant answered the summons. I was shown into the parlor, and in a little while Edith came. O, how beautiful she was. A woman in grace and loveliness, and still a girl in gentle simplicity. There was an expression of sadness upon her face, and her sweet smile was fleeting and subdued. But this did not surprise me, for she was dressed in deep mourning, and I remembered that she had lost her father. She met me kindly—aye, fondly,—and clung to my hand, and gazed up into my face, with the old look of affection and love. I was tempted to fold her to my bosom, but I restrained myself, and only kissed her gently upon her fair, open brow—kissed her and blessed her at the same time.

Of course I said nothing of our love on that first interview. A sense of propriety held my tongue in that direction, but not my heart. She asked me concerning my adventures in battle, and I told her the story of some of my most startling encounters. She listened with deepest interest, and the quick pallor upon her cheek when I told of my great dangers revealed very plainly the love she felt for me. In return she told me of her own life since I had been gone; and thus passed away an hour, at the end of which time her mother came in.

Mrs. Duncan was a small woman, and yet of a stately presence,—small in frame, but possessing one of those large, nobly-shaped heads, with a brain full of electric force and quiet, determined vigor. She greeted me kindly—greeted me like a mother; and was glad, very glad to see me safe and well. She told me that she had read of my brave conduct in the public prints, and that she had prayed for me while she honored and respected me. She, too, was in deep mourning, and seemed, at times, sad and melancholy.

By and by I was alone, and walked out into the garden. It was in the budding and blossoming season of Spring; a soft, warm day; with the fragrance of a thousand flowers filling the air; the fresh, green foliage whispering to the gentle breeze; and the feathered warblers making music mellow and sweet. At another time I might have enjoyed all this, so like the happy seasons of boyhood days; but now I found little pleasure in it. The cloud, which came upon me as I stepped upon the landing, came again, more darkly and heavily than before. There was something wrong. What could it be? At first I had thought that Edith and her mother were still mourning; but Mr. Duncan had been dead almost two years. It could not be that. If the thought came to me that Edith did not love me, it was banished in a moment; for her look, her tone, her tearful eye, all revealed the depth of her affection. And yet—— But what was the use. I could only bother myself by my reflections; so I tried to banish them, and hope for the best. At tea the conversation was kept upon my own adventures; and as I thus did most of the talking, keeping my hearers deeply interested, the time slipped away without any new development to trouble me.

In the evening Edith did not join me. What did this mean? I sat in the parlor, all alone, long after the servant had brought candles in; the cloud came darker and darker. I had opened a book, and thrown it down, for the twentieth time, when Mrs. Duncan came in. She took a seat close by me, and made some passing remark about my being left alone so long. She tried to speak easily, but the effort was of no avail. I saw that she was troubled; and, as she gazed into my face with a prayerful, entreating look, I resolved to help her. If there was danger, I wished to know it. If evil tidings were in the wind, I wished to hear them at once. I drew my chair nearer to her, and took her hand.

"Mrs. Duncan," I said, speaking frankly, if not calmly, "there is something wrong. You have something to tell me. Is it not so?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Then," I continued, "let it be told at once."

She withdrew her hand, and gazed down upon the floor. She did not seem troubled, but seemed rather to be framing her speech for the most direct result. Finally she looked up, and gave me her hand again. The simple movement conveyed to me more evidence of her love and esteem than any amount of words could have done.

"Maurice," she said, with a slight tremulousness in her voice; but with a depth of tone which told how firm she was, "I know that you must have noticed a strangeness in our manner towards you, and I have thought it proper that you should understand the whole matter at once. I need not attempt any preparation of your mind for the intelligence I have to communicate, further than to beg that you will spare me any reproach, and bear up as bravely as you can. I know that you have loved my child, and that she has loved you; and I know, furthermore, that, before you went away, your troth had been plighted. You will remember the circumstances under which this was done. My husband was absent in Europe on business. I did not object; I did not consent; though I must own that I smiled upon your loves, and approved them. Edith did not promise to be your wife. She promised to love you—to love none but you,—and, at a future time, when you could make a home, and her father's consent could be obtained, to be your wife. Was it not so?"

I inclined my head in token of assent, but could not speak.

"It was so," resumed Mrs. Duncan; "and now I must tell you what you do not yet know. When my husband came home, and we spoke to him of Edith's love for you, he shook his head, and said that it could not be. And then he revealed to us a plan of his own. Do you remember that he once had a partner in business named Vandorf?"

Yes—I remembered.

"And do you remember that Mr. Vandorf had a son, named Hector?"

Yes—I remembered that, too.

"Well, my husband told me that between him and Mr. Vandorf there had been an arrangement for years that their children should be united in marriage. They had done business together with that understanding, and some permanent investments had been made to that end. Hector had gone to Europe to travel, partly for his health, and partly to gather information to help him in future business. Edith begged and implored, but to no effect. I reasoned with him, and labored with all my power, but with no better success. He had an old prejudice against your father, though that alone might not have been sufficient to have set him against your suit. Mr. Vandorf was dead, and my husband was determined to carry out, in good faith, the arrangements which had been made with him. When we found that no persuasion could favor our appeal, we let the matter rest, hoping that time might help us.

"Six months passed away, and my husband lay upon his death bed. In Edith's behalf I made one last appeal; but I gained not my end. He had cherished the plan too long; he had pledged himself to it too strongly; and he could not be shaken. He called his child to him, and put upon her his dying commands. I remember his words, even to the very intonations of his voice.—'Edith,' he said, 'for long years it has been a cherished plan of mine that you should be the wife of Hector Vandorf. It has been my hope, and my prayer; and to the memory of my old friend, whom I am soon to follow to the land of spirits, I owe it that the consummation shall not be set aside by any act of mine. And yet, my child, I will not force you into a union against your will. It is my wish that you should marry with Hector. I will not command it, for the very command might tend to make the match repugnant to you. Still, I have a command to lay upon you: *While Hector lives you shall marry with no one else!*'

"I need not tell you, Maurice, what more he said. This was the sum of it all; and with this command unrecalled he died. In a few months thereafter Hector returned from Europe, and came to see us. He has pressed his suit; but not yet has Edith consented to marry him. She cannot love him, and she has freely told him so. In short, to tell you the truth, she has confessed to him that her heart had been given to you. She has told him that, while the man lived whom she really and devotedly loved, she could not so violate every law of her soul as to marry with another. And still he will not be satisfied with the answer."

Mrs. Duncan paused, but I had no reply to make. Directly she added:

"I have thus told you the whole story; and, however much it may pain you, I trust that you will not too harshly condemn the action of my husband. Remember that this had been a cherished plan with him—that his pledge had been given——"

"But," I cried, breaking the spell that had bound my tongue, "how could a true parent make such a pledge without first consulting the wishes of the child, whose whole weal or woe of life was to be fixed thereby?"

"My dear Maurice," returned Mrs. Duncan, with a look and tone of such calm, quiet reproof that I shrank immediately from the dispute, "we will not call in question the motives of my husband. He is dead; and, though his decrees carry much pain in their fulfillment, yet I must respect his memory. There is more need of pity than of blame."

"Let me ask one question," I said, almost breaking in upon her speech:—"Does this decree cut off my hope of union with Edith?"

"Edith cannot—Maurice Garland, she cannot disobey the dying command of her father. Be generous, sir, and candid. Had that father commanded her that she should marry with Hector, I cannot say how she might have obeyed. I cannot say how far I might have urged her. But the command was tempered with much consideration. When he knew how her heart was fixed, he so far retracted from his cherished plan as to simply command her that she should not marry with any one else while Hector lived and sought her hand. Remembering all my husband's relations with Hector's father, and bearing in mind his travail of soul upon this subject, we shall not, if we are candid, blame him too much.

"Maurice, this must be the end. Hector Vandorf sues for Edith's hand, and she cannot give it to you. Now you understand the whole matter. I know that you love me, so I confidently implore you to spare both me and my child unnecessary pain."

After this she said something about my remaining with them—about my being hopeful and brave—about my conquering the unfortunate passion—and about my seeking relief from my sorrow in the active scenes of life; and then she placed her hands upon my head, and blessed me. I knew that she was weeping, for I heard her sob, and I felt her warm tears drop upon my hand. Then she moved away, and I was alone.

I don't know how long I sat there. I only know that I bowed my head upon my hands, and sobbed like a stricken child. I, the strong man, who had faced death a thousand times, had now met with a calamity that crushed me like a mountain, and for a while my only relief was in moans, and sobs, and bitter tears. I knew where my chamber was, and after a time I went up and sought my pillow. I tried to reason with myself; but I could not. My soul was a scene of utter desolation, in that first hour of the great sorrow, and I could only bow and let the storm surge on.

CHAPTER II.

HECTOR VANDORF.

In the morning, after a sleepless night of pain and anguish, I arose and walked out into the garden. The sun was just creeping up over the hills, and the air was cool and fresh, and fragrant with richest odors from flower and shrub. The suffering of the night had somewhat exhausted the fount of keenest anguish; and as I now turned my brow to catch the soft breath of morning I felt a soothing influence falling upon my spirit. For the first time I sat down and reasoned upon what had happened; and my reasoning had just this result: I was satisfied that Edith was lost to me; and I was furthermore persuaded that Edith was not to blame. But I could not so easily forgive her father for the part he had taken against me. And now, that I had reached this conclusion, should I go back into the house? I was reflecting upon this when I heard a footfall near me, and upon looking up I beheld Edith. She stopped a moment when she saw me, and then came forward and gave me her hand. She was pale and agitated, and I could see the tear-tracks upon her cheeks. I drew her towards me, and she laid her head upon my bosom. There was a struggle—I thought she would burst forth into weeping; but with an effort she conquered the rising emotion, and presently she spoke. Her voice was low and sad, its notes vibrating as though tuned with much pain:

"Maurice, I feared you were going away. My mother has told you all. You know how I am situated. O, say that you do not blame me. Tell me that you will not hate me!"

"Hate you?" I cried, folding her to my bosom. She did not resist, but reached her own arm to my shoulder, as though she felt safe within my embrace. "Hate you! O, my agony must be in the love which I cannot quench!"

"This once," she said, in a low whisper, raising her head from my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes. "This once, Maurice, in token of the love which is between us. So—O, God pardon me if I be wrong!" She kissed me upon the lips—kissed me as of old—and then bowed her head and wept.

A little while we remained thus, and then she gently disengaged herself from my embrace, and sat down upon the seat upon which I had been reclining. She wiped the tears from her cheeks, and after a short struggle the victory was gained. She was calm and solemn, and spoke with painful distinctness.

"My mother has told you all."

"Yes," I said.

"Then you know the path which is marked out for me. I need not tell you how much I have suffered—how much I must suffer. The die is cast, and I must abide the issue. I cannot ask you to stay here now; I cannot ask you to come again. But I could not have you go away without seeing you. I could not bear that you should think me false. The love which I gave you in the happier times I cannot recall. My heart is yours; my prayers and my blessings will follow you; and, in the better world, when the sorrows and trials of this poor life are o'er, we may meet in peace once more—not to marry, as we had once planned, but to rise above the power of passion, and enjoy the victory of hope and blessedness."

She spoke so softly, so sweetly, and with such depth of holy faith, that for the while my passions were all subdued, and I gazed upon her almost as an angel. But in a little while I remembered that I had lost her, and the agony came again. I did not give way, however. Her own calmness became my guide, and I followed it. I understood her perfectly. I could look into her soul; and I knew how true she was at heart.

"You will not marry with Hector Vandorf?" I said. I spoke of him partly in the effort to forget myself.

"I cannot," she replied. "I have told him so; and I have tried to make him understand my true feelings. He is inclined to think me stubborn, and he presses his suit unceasingly. Sometimes I think he is almost beside himself upon this subject. At one time he prays to me, with tears in his eyes; at another he argues persistently; and then again he raves, and swears that I shall be his wife whether I will or not. But, Maurice, I shall not marry with him—I cannot; at least, not now. What the future may have in store I cannot tell."

"And you cannot marry with me," I said, taking her hand, and holding it between my own.

"O, don't ask me that, Maurice. If you love me, if you can pity me, don't ask me that. The touch of my father's dying hand is still upon my brow; his dying blessing still sounds in my ears. I dare not break the dying command he laid upon me. I should be very miserable if I did. Don't ask me that again!"

I asked her to pardon me, and when she had done so, I spoke of Hector Vandorf again. I asked her if he lived near.

"Part of the time he stops with an aunt, who resides only two miles away; and part of the time he lives in the city," Edith told me.

"And do you think he will persist in his suit?"

"I fear so. He is a strange being. Don't you remember him?"

I remembered something of him in early youth; but it had been many years since I had seen him.

"I do not think," resumed Edith, "that he is very well. He went to Europe partly for his health, but I don't think he gained anything by it. Even his love for me, if love it can be called, is a sort of morbid passion, nourished from the promises made to him by my father, and now adhered to as a miser clings to his bonds and grasps after his usance."

She was about to speak further, when my attention was arrested by the sound of a brushing step close at hand, and upon turning I saw a man standing not more than two yards distant.

Edith saw him at the same time, and, under the impulse of the moment, she uttered a quick, low cry of alarm, and grasped me by the arm as though for protection. But she recovered herself presently, and arose to her feet.

"Mr. Vandorf," she said, with some fluttering in her tone, but gaining steadiness as she proceeded, "this visit was unexpected."

He looked at her with a burning light in his eye; and then he looked at me.

"Edith, you are wanted at the house." He spoke very coolly; and, but for that look of the eye, one might have thought that he had only come to deliver an ordinary message. "You need not remain," he added, as he saw her hesitate. "I think I need no introduction to this gentleman. If I am not mistaken, this is Captain Maurice Garland."

This last remark was addressed to me, and I nodded affirmatively.

"Go," he resumed, turning again to Edith, at the same time waving his hand towards the house. "Go, and leave me to entertain your company. I should like to speak with Captain Garland."

Edith cast one imploring look into my face, the meaning of which I did not then fully comprehend, and then she left us; and when she was gone I turned towards the intruder.

Hector Vandorf I had known when he was a youth of fifteen, though, as our lots had been cast in different paths, I was never intimate with him. I had not seen him, until now, for fifteen years; so he had grown to be a man of thirty. I think I should have known him had I met him anywhere, for he was not a person easily to be forgotten. He was tall and muscular, but not well balanced in frame. His shoulders were too heavy, and his arms too long. His hair was black as night; and his eyes, of the same hue, large and sunken. The nose was long and thin, and bent much like the beak of a hawk; the upper lip rather short; the under lip thin and bloodless; the chin small and narrow. His complexion was dark and sallow and unhealthy; and when he was suddenly moved by passion the skin did not become flushed with hot blood, but became spotted, like a serpent's skin, with large patches of a yellow, billious hue. His neck was long, and as he wore his collar turned low down, his throat was left bare. He wore no beard, but his hair, which turned but very little from being straight, was very long, and swept back of his ears.

Such was Hector Vandorf; and as I gazed upon him, and studied his physiognomy, and remembered what Edith had said, the impression was by no means a pleasant one. For a full minute after the lady had gone we stood and regarded each other in silence. He was the first to break the spell.

"Maurice Garland," he said, bending those great black eyes upon me until the look fairly made me uneasy, "I am glad that we are met. I heard last night that you were here. You came to see Edith Duncan?"

He put it in the form of a question, and I answered him, yes.

"You have, in times past, thought of making her your wife?"

I saw that he was coming directly to the point; and as that suited me, I answered him, plainly:

"I came here, sir, at this time, expecting to find her free to give me her hand, as she had already given me her heart."

"We won't say anything of her heart now," said Vandorf. His eyes were afire; his lips were closed; and the adder spots came upon his cheeks; but the emotion quickly passed, and he was calm again.

"You have seen the lady, and you have talked with her," he resumed; "and perhaps she has told you how matters stood touching the subject of her marriage. Has she told you this?"

"I know it all, sir."

"Ah—I am glad of that, for now I can come directly to the point. There is no need of many words between us; for I tell you, plainly, that I do not like you; and I know that you cannot, after what has happened, like me. Thus far, I think, we understand each other."

Had another spoken thus I might have deemed it the hight of manly frankness; but such was not the spirit which seemed to actuate him. It was rather the spirit of morbid hatred, as was evident from the sinister look he bent upon me as he spoke. However, I assented to the proposition; and I did it readily, too; for it was a stern truth.

"Edith Duncan is to be my wife," he said, without any pause after my reply. "As far as the bonds of a solemn pledge can go, she is already mine."

"*She* has given no pledge," I interposed.

"No," he said; "but her father did; and his pledge is good and sufficient to the binding force of the obligation. Edith withholds her pledge solely on your account. Perhaps you understand this. Perhaps you know why she refuses to be my wife."

"I think I do," I replied.

"It matters not what you *think*. What do you KNOW?"

"I know thus much," I said, impulsively: "I know that Edith does not love you!"

"That is a negative proposition. I want something positive."

"Well," I added, "here it is: Edith loves me!"

"And," said Vandorf, with icy calmness, "she feels that the vows she gave you years ago rest upon her now."

"Upon her heart, yes."

"And, feeling thus, she hesitates in obeying her father's command. Were she not bound to you, she would marry me at once."

I told him I could not answer that.

"But I can!" he cried, stamping his foot upon the ground. "I can answer it, sir. She will not marry me because you are in the way. Do you doubt that?"

"No. You are right."

"Then, sir, the point is reached, and but little more need be said." He spoke slowly, and with deep emphasis. "It is very plain that Edith cannot marry with you; at least, while I live; and it is evident that she will not marry with me while you hold her to the pledge she once gave you. So, sir, I ask you to release her."

"How shall I do that?" I asked him.

"By simply renouncing all claim to her love, and informing her that all relations between you, nearer than those of simple friendship, are at an end. If you will do this, her thoughts will be turned into a new channel, and she will soon yield to her father's wishes. Will you do this?"

I told him that I could not.

"Consider," he said, "how the matter stands. You have nothing to lose—I have everything to gain."

"Nothing to lose!" I cried. "And is the love of Edith nothing?"

"It is worse than nothing to you," he said, quickly. "You cannot possess her; so your love can only be a source of agony. Will you do as I have said?"

"No!" I answered.

"Once more, Maurice Garland—once more, in all candor and frankness—will you renounce the claim which you hold upon Edith Duncan's love?"

"NEVER!" I replied.

The serpent spots came upon his face; his thin lips were tightly compressed; and his deep eyes burned with startling intensity.

"You stand between me and Edith!" he whispered.

"I cannot help it," I said.

"YOU LIE! You can help it!"

I raised my hand to strike him; but I did not. He must have noticed the movement, for his own hands were clenched, and his face grew more dreadful in its mottled deformity.

"If you say you cannot help it," he cried, "you speak a lie; and a liar you are, base and cowardly!"

If some kind spirit could have dropped down from the sky, and taken me away at that moment, and given me four-and-twenty hours for reflection, I might not have struck the wretch at all. But no such spirit came, and I was left to the control of an indignation which burned through my veins like fire. With one blow I felled Hector Vandorf to the ground, and then turned and walked away. I had not gone far before I was sorry for what I had done. I did not blame myself, for the provocation had been great; but I felt that it would have been better had I controlled myself, and turned from the insulter as one beneath my notice. However, it was too late to help the matter now; and, as is quite natural in such cases, I excused myself for my rashness. I was not in a fit mood to return to the house, so I turned my steps towards the river; and I think I should have gone away upon the next boat had not Edith met me in the path. She caught my hand, and asked me what had happened.

"You have been excited," she said, gazing eagerly up into my face. "Have you had any trouble with Hector? I fear he has behaved ungentlemanly towards you."

"You know him, then," I remarked, quietly.

"Yes," she replied, "I know how harsh and severe he can be. But what is it? What has passed between you?"

I told her all, save the last scene. There was no need in telling her that. She listened attentively, and when I had concluded, she said:

"Hector must have been very angry with you."

"So he was," I returned. "But," I added, taking her hand again, "did I do wrong in refusing to make the relinquishment which he demanded?"

She thought a moment, and then told me that I did not. We talked awhile upon the subject, but we could not speak freely. There was a painful restraint upon us, and our very love made us miserable.

Would I return to the house with her?

Of course Vandorf would be there.

Yes.

Then I could not go. It was better that I should not.

Edith gazed up into my face, and was frank enough to tell me that she felt the same. Under the circumstances she would rather I should not meet Hector again in her presence.

"But you will not go far away," she said. "You will come again soon. I don't know why I ask this; and yet I must ask it. I must see you. I am not wholly myself now. I want time to think."

I told her I would come again.

"And you will come as a friend?"

I knew the meaning of her prayerful look, and I answered her softly and kindly. I had no blame for her, only the purest and tenderest affection. I would come again, and she need not fear that I should misunderstand her.

She blessed me with tears in her eyes, and so we parted. She went back to the house, and I walked down to the landing. I was two hours alone upon the margin of the river, and in that time I had succeeded in somewhat subduing my spirit, and gaining a little control over my feelings.

CHAPTER III.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A little way up the river—some three miles—was the village where I had spent most of my boyhood life, and I finally resolved to go there and see if I could find anybody whom I knew. I would not wait for a boat. I preferred to walk. The road was a pleasant one, and by the time I had reached the village, I had become so far the master of myself that a stranger would never have mistrusted that anything was wrong with me. I went to the hotel and ordered breakfast, and while they were preparing it I sat down in the reading-room, and took up a paper. My eye happened to glance upon the report of a battle in which I had been engaged, and I at once became interested. I found my own name mentioned in the most flattering terms, and I am free to confess that the thing pleased me. I was thus engaged when I became aware that some one was standing close by my side, and presently a hand was laid upon my shoulder.

"Maurice, is this you?"

I looked up and beheld a genial-faced man, not far from my own age. At first the neatly-trimmed, glossy black beard which covered his cheeks and chin blinded me, but the sparkle of his eye, and the frank smile that played about his finely-cut mouth, quickly brought him to my recollection. It was Richard Thorn. He belonged away up in New Hampshire, where I became acquainted with him during one of my White Mountain rambles, and subsequent circumstances had cemented a strong and abiding friendship between us. In all the world I don't know of a man whom I would rather have seen at that moment. He not only brought with him the smiles and joy of a healthy, happy organization, but his presence seemed redolent of the atmosphere of his own mountain home, and served to call up pleasant scenes to my mind.

"My dear Dick," I cried, starting up and seizing his hand, "I am glad to see you. I am very glad."

We shook each other a long while by the hand, and then we sat down to talk. When my breakfast was ready he went in and took a cup of coffee with me, and told me how he had been getting along since he had seen me last. His father was dead, and the old business was now in the hands of himself and a younger brother. I was pained by this intelligence, but not surprised, for Mr. Thorn had been very low when I was last at his house; and when I bade him farewell on that occasion, I never expected to see him again on earth. He was a good man, and I needed not to be told that his loss was most deeply felt by all who had ever had any acquaintance with him.

Breakfast was over; we had smoked our cigars and told our stories, and now for the future.

"I wish," said Dick, "that you could go with me. Upon my soul, it would add to my joy one-half."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Out West," he replied.

"On business?"

"No. I'm worn down with business already. For three years I have bent my brain to business, without allowing myself hardly the time for sleep, and now I am off for recreation. I tried hunting and fishing at home, but it was of no use. It was too near to my business. So I resolved to start off. You remember John Head—quaint, original John?"

Yes, I remembered him very well. We had rambled through the woods, and up and down the mountains together many a day, John Head and I. Surely I had not forgotten him.

"John is with me," pursued Dick. "He went down to New York yesterday, but will be up to-night. We are going first to Saint Louis, and from there we mean to push right off upon the hunting ground, through the wilderness and over the prairie. We are in for rare sport. O, I wish you could go."

What could have been more opportune? Was not this exactly what I needed? I had six months of spare time upon my hands, and during the morning I had been wondering how I should spend it. I could not remain in that section, of course. I sat down, and folded my hands upon my knee, and in five minutes more I had promised Dick that I would go with him. He was delighted, and fairly leaped with joy, and so contagious was his blitheness of spirit, that for the time I was able to entirely conceal the pain that still lurked about my heart.

"We will set out within the week," he said. "I have some matters of business to attend to in New York, and I will dispose of them as soon as possible. I shall go down to-morrow, and perhaps you will go with me."

I told him I thought I would. We spent the remainder of the forenoon together, and after dinner he went out upon business, while I called for a room where I could write some letters. I was shown to a retired apartment on the second floor, and in the course of an hour or two I had my letters ready for the post. I had just sealed and superscribed the last one, when somebody rapped upon my door. I bade the applicant come in. It was a servant, and he had a card in his hand, which he gave to me.

"The gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

The card bore the name of CHARLES STEWART.

"Did he say what his business was?" I asked.

"No, sir. He only said he wished very particularly to see you."

"You may show him up."

The name sounded familiar as I pronounced it, though I could not call its owner to mind. In a few moments, however, the servant returned, and ushered the gentleman in. He was a young man, tall and fair looking, and very fashionably dressed. As soon as we were alone, he bowed, and said he believed he spoke with Captain Maurice Garland.

I informed him that he did.

"You have my name upon the card," he said.

I nodded and handed him a chair. He smiled as he took the proffered seat, but it was a very cold, polite smile, and I did not return it. As I gazed upon him now, I remembered him as one whom I had known in former years, but with whom I had never been on terms of intimacy. However, as he did not refer to the whilom acquaintance, I did not. His cold formality did not invite any such recognition.

"Captain Garland," he said, with a very gracious inclination of the head, "I have come upon an errand from my friend, Hector Vandorf. You know him?"

"Yes."

"The business with which he has entrusted me is not a pleasant one; it is not pleasant to me, and it cannot be pleasant to you, so I must ask your permission to proceed."

I told Mr. Stewart that I was ready to hear anything he had been instructed to say to me.

"Then," he replied, "you will not blame me for the message. You met Mr. Vandorf this morning?"

"I did."

"And you struck him?"

"Yes."

"Then, of course, my dear Captain, you can imagine the rest. My friend demands satisfaction, and I am empowered to make all necessary arrangements. You understand this sort of thing."

The man's familiar coolness nettled me a little, but I did not show it. Instead of making the business an unpleasant one, he seemed to enter upon it with a relish.

"Mr. Vandorf insulted me most grossly," I said.

"Then you might have demanded a satisfaction which he would readily have given you," replied Stewart. "Instead of that, however, you have thrown the burden upon him."

"I think," said I, after a little reflection, "that Hector Vandorf had better let this matter rest where it is."

"That is impossible," returned my visitor, with a shake of the head. "He will not let it rest there. If you refuse to meet him, he will insult you in the public street, and post you as a coward."

"Is such his plan?"

"It is; and I know that he will keep his promise."

I stopped to reflect no more. I was not in the mood. I folded my arms upon my breast, and looked Charles Stewart in the face.

"I will meet Hector Vandorf at any time, and in any place."

"Will you refer me to your friend?" the man asked.

"No," I replied. "I prefer to make my own arrangements; and when they are made, I will bring my friend with me. Any time will suit me; and any place."

"Then," said Stewart, "suppose we set the time, to-morrow morning, half an hour after sunrise. The place, just about a mile below here, on the west bank of the river, where there is a small wood of maples. Do you know the point?"

I told him I did.

"And how will it suit you?" he asked.

I replied that it would suit me very well.

"And now for the weapons. I suppose you have the choice."

"It is immaterial to me," I said. "Has Vandorf any preference?"

Mr. Stewart supposed he would prefer pistols.

"Then pistols let it be."

"And shall I consider the matter as thus arranged?"

"As far as I am concerned it is," I answered. "I shall be on the ground you have mentioned, to-morrow morning, within half an hour after sunrise, prepared to give Hector Vandorf such satisfaction as he may require. I shall bring my own weapons. He can bring his if he likes."

Mr. Stewart thanked me for my kindness; hoped I would pardon him for the intrusion; and then took his leave.

After my visitor had gone, I paced up and down the room, reflecting upon the situation in which I had been thus placed. A few words will suffice to tell how I felt touching the simple idea of the duel. Every instinct of my soul was opposed to the barbarous code; but in that hour of passion and temptation I had not the will to resist. I knew, if I refused to meet Vandorf, that he would insult me publicly, and I was not willing to brave such consequence. And then I had other interests at stake. However, I did not stop to argue much then, and I shall not do so now.

I carried my letters to the post-office, and when I returned I found Dick Thorn at the hotel. After supper I called him up into my room, and told him that I wished to repose in him a great confidence. He gave me his hand, and assured me that I might depend upon him. Then I told him the story of my love for Edith Duncan; I told him of the great disappointment that had fallen upon me; I told him of my meeting that morning with Hector Vandorf; and then I told him of the message which I had received by Mr. Stewart, and of the answer I had given.

Dick was horror-stricken. At first he would not believe that I meant to fight a duel.

"It is an outrage!" he said.

"I know that," I replied. "And so there are other outrages. But we won't argue that now. You cannot tell me anything touching the moral of the thing which I do not already realize. I shall meet Hector Vandorf to-morrow morning, as I have said. Nothing but the interposition of Providence can prevent me. He who goes with me, as my friend, must know my story; and I cannot tell that story to another. So, Dick, I must ask you to accompany me. Do not refuse."

"But, my dear Maurice," he cried, as though he had discovered a secret, "can you not see the meaning of all this? Vandorf seeks your life. He does not seek an honorable satisfaction. He does not seek to wipe out an insult. He only seeks to wipe you out—to sweep you from his path—to remove the obstacle to his union with Edith Duncan. Can you not see it?"

"I understand it all, Dick. I have thought of all this. I know the man; and I shall meet him. Will you go with me?"

"Why—of course I can't refuse."

"Say you'll go."

"Then—I will go."

"Thank you. And now let me ask one more favor: Don't allude to this again until to-morrow morning, not even by the slightest hint. Will you grant me this?"

Dick promised, and I then turned the conversation upon other matters; but he was not to be entertained. When I spoke of the sports we would have out West, he shook his head mournfully, as though he doubted whether we should ever go. When I recalled the pleasant times we had spent together in the old granite State, he looked as though he wished we were both back there again. I saw that the coming event weighed heavily upon him, and at an early hour I sent him off to bed, promising to call him betimes in the morning.

A little while after Dick had gone I paced the floor, and then I sat down to the table, and took the pen. I had but one letter to write, and that was to Edith. I told her how I had offended Vandorf, and explained what the result had been, and then I assured her that I should spare him if the thing were possible. I might fall—I was prepared for it—but I had no wish to harm Hector Vandorf. "If," I wrote, "by any possible means, Hector Vandorf falls by my hand, I shall never see you again. But if we are both spared I hope to meet you once more, and receive your pardon for this deed which I am about to do. I know that my rival seeks my life, but I pray Heaven he may be spared the crime." I wrote something more, and then folded the note, sealed it, and superscribed it.

My trunk had been brought up from New York, so I had a case of pistols with me. I had used them in many a conflict, but never yet in a duel. They were faithful weapons, and I knew how to use them. I took them out, and saw that they were in order, and then, just as the clock was striking twelve, I went to bed. I rested a little, but I did not fairly sleep, for I heard the clock at every hour. At four I was up and dressed, and Dick was soon with me. He wanted to know if I still adhered to my determination.

"Ah," I replied, smiling as I shook my head, "you don't know me if you think I could retrace my steps now. I must meet him, Dick, and I beg, as a favor, that you will consider that point settled."

From that time Dick said no more to dissuade me from my purpose. Still he did not try to cloak his real feelings. He was sorry for what was to happen, and he wore his sorrow upon his face and in his speech. He only remarked, as he gave me his hand with the pledge I had sought—

"Don't think me a coward, Maurice. In the defence of life, or of Right, I think I would risk my life as bravely as any man, but I should shrink from such a conflict as this."

He spoke my own deeper sense so nearly, that I had no reply to make. I could not excuse myself; so I only returned his grasp, and then set about preparing for our own walk. I did my pistol-case up in a newspaper; and having locked my trunk, and put the key in my pocket, we went down stairs, and made our way as quietly as possible from the house. The day was just breaking as we reached the street, and we cleared the village without meeting any human being. The sun arose bright and clear, and as the first golden beams touched the waters of the river we were close upon the designated spot. It was a quiet, secluded place, where a sort of vale opened up from the broad stream, with maple trees growing very near to the water's edge. A path led through the grove, and we could see an open meadow beyond. I stopped here, and laid my hand upon my companion's arm.

"Dick," said I, "before we go any further, I have a few directions to give you. I may not come forth from this alive. If I do not, you must take care of this poor body. You will do this for the love there has been between us."

He grasped my hand, and the big tears started to his eyes.

"It will be a painful duty," he said, "and a sad one; but you may trust me. I have come thus far, and I must now see it to the end."

He remembered his pledge, and offered no further opposition to my purpose. I took the letter from my pocket, and also the key of my trunk, and gave them to him.

"If I fall," I told him, "you will carry this letter to Edith Duncan, and see that it is placed in her own hand. My trunk has some valuables in it. Burn all the letters and papers, and do with the rest as you please. And now," I added, as I saw that the tears were starting again, "let us hurry on, for the hour must be close at hand."

He followed me through the copse; and as we came out upon the little strip of open meadow we saw Hector Vandorf and his friend just coming up by another path.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FAVORITES.—"I have ever found," says a sensible writer, "that the men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, nay, reverence them, are seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for women leads to respectful actions towards them; and respect is usually a distant action, and this great distance is taken by them for neglect and want of interest."

* * *

IT is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in languages that are dead, should despise those that talk sense in languages that are living. "To acquire a few tongues," says a French writer, "is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life."

* * *

PEOPLE who are always talking sentiment have usually no very deep feelings. The less water you have in your kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.

"THOSE SWEET YOUNG MEN.'

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

The young ladies Derwent had given their foolishly indulgent father no peace until he had consented to "take a suite of rooms in —— Hotel." The Derwent girls were bright and gay creatures, very attractive to the eye, and their father was fond of showing them; they were giddy and vain, and fond of showing themselves.

Their appearance at table always created quite a sensation among the youthful swells assembled there. They were not at all sparing of silks and laces, and the jewels that sparkled on their fingers, arms, bosoms, and in their hair, were in themselves no small fortune. Admiring eyes were, of course, cast on the young ladies; but it is only truth to add that their diamonds shared liberally with themselves in the admiration.

"Oh!" cried Marianna Derwent, as she cast herself, almost fainting from excess of emotion, upon her bed, just after dinner, one day: "Oh, *Maggie!* were *ever* two such *sweet* young men!"

"Never!" replied Maggie; "no, *never!*"

"I am so glad that they are to sit opposite us, sis. Pa must introduce us the first thing. But which one do you most admire? *I* like the plump one, with the beautiful white hands, and the dark, pensive eyes."

"Oh! I greatly prefer the tall gentleman, with the brown moustache, and the large, expressive, gray eyes.

"We must make Pa get acquainted with them at once."

Well, the sisters laid their commands on "Pa," and were, of course, obeyed. Presently the enchanted young ladies were gratified by finding the objects of their desire very much devoted to them.

The Saratoga season commenced. The day after the Fourth, Pa Derwent and his daughters, accompanied by their two "sweet young gentlemen," set out for the place where they "drink and they eat, and they flirt, and they pray, and they play, and they *pay*."

In due season all our party were (un) comfortably settled, and when the balls came off, none enjoyed them more heartily than the Derwent sisters.

Their friends, Messrs. Cloman and Forrester, were evidently the admiration of all the belles in the hotel. "So very elegant and distinguished in their appearance" were they.

One morning, as our party sauntered up and down the wide portico of the States, a New York paper was handed to one of the gentlemen. As he did not care to read it just then, Marianna opened it.

"Oh! pa," she cried, turning very pale, "uncle Clark's house was entered night before last and robbed of three thousand dollars worth of plate and clothing."

Mr. Forrester gave a start, which Maggie, who leaned upon his arm attributed to sympathy for them. But "Pa" noticed between the young men an exchange of glances, which he could not so readily comprehend.

The fact was they looked extremely like being *scared*. But in the name of all that was peculiar, "*why?*" This was the feeling that was in Pa's bosom; but it hardly shaped itself into a distinct thought, as the queer expression immediately passed off the handsome faces, and their owners united with the young ladies in expressing horror at the crimes and characters of house-breakers.

'Twas midnight in the "States" hotel, and over hall and bower, (bedroom,) and over bar and kitchen fell the gloom of midnight's hour. And beaux and belles, their wiles forgot, were sunk in sleep profound, while maids and waiters slumbered in the ante-rooms around. Our maidens rested side by side within their chamber high, and all was silent as the night—Gramercy! what a cry!

No loon crying out over the still waters, no death shriek of horse or rider, as the ice of the river gives way under them, ever produced a more sudden and startling effect than did that shrill scream of the Derwent sisters, one midnight in the States hotel. Men leaped instantly, not "to arms" indeed, but to legs, and women followed after, as is their wont. The halls were presently filled with spectral-looking figures, all rushing to and fro, and none knowing which way lay the danger. But soon a direction was given to their fears. On lighting up, the Derwent sisters were discovered in strong convulsions, one on her bed, the other on the floor.

After much trouble, the young ladies were restored to their senses, and when able to speak, they made known the fact that they had been aroused from their sleep by the sensation of some one being in their room who didn't exactly belong there. On opening their eyes, the sisters were horrified at the sight of a man leaning over them, holding in one hand an iron bar and in the other a dark lantern.

"Cover your heads, or I'll murder you," was his gentle and insinuating address to these poor sisters.

For once in their lives they obeyed without a word, and on the instant; but not before they had seen that there was another man at work at their bureaus.

How long they remained covered, they did not know; but when at last they ventured to peep out, all was darkness and silence. Then it was that they avenged themselves for the enforced suppression of their terrors, and their screams roused the house.

Well, it was discovered that all the jewels of our fair belles had been taken; nor was this the only loss sustained that night in the States. Two wealthy Cubans had been robbed.

There was great excitement, of course, and much anxious hunting for the criminals, but no criminals could be found.

Our sisters felt considerably out of health and spirits the next day, and they were by no means comforted when they were informed by their gentlemen favorites that "urgent business called them to the city."

The two young men left that very morning, and although they both promised faithfully to write every day, and to be among the first to welcome "Pa" and his daughters back to Gotham, nothing more was ever heard of them until it came out in the Police Reports that they were both in prison as house-breakers, and that after having confessed to the robbery of both "Uncle Clarke" and their own lady-loves, besides many other similar crimes, one of them got his brains knocked out in a prison-fight.

Then flashed back on the sisters' memory many before unaccountable circumstances in the conduct of the two "sweet young men."

All was clear now, and with a heart shudder Maggie remembered the awful suspicion that had troubled her on the night of her terror, (a suspicion most unreasonable as she had then considered it, and she had not uttered it even to her sister,) that it was the face of Clomans which was hanging over her when that dread voice threatened her with being murdered.

In conclusion of this little sketch, (very far from having no factual foundation,) we may mention that the daughters of Pa Derwent became suddenly disgusted with hotel life, and with the sweet young gentlemen there congregating; and that, very much to their father's comfort, they took kindly to house-keeping and domesticity.

THE HEART.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

The hidden workings of the heart,
Great God, are only known to thee;
Thou knowest its weakness and its power,
Thou knowest its sin and misery;
Lord, in temptation's trying hour,
May it a refuge find in thee!

Calm its impatience and distrust,
When oft it throbs to grief's sad strain;
And though it wanders from thy ways,
Yet when it turns to thee again,
Saviour accept its prayers and praise,
And soothe its weariness and pain.

Remove its doubts, subdue its fears,
From sin and sorrow set it free;
Bid its wild, raging passions cease,
And let it humbly worship thee.
Give it thy blessed, holy peace,
And make it thine through all eternity.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Our three farms were near together. Mine was a small one; and Deacon Perkins's was a small one; but that belonging to Mr. Pownal was one of the largest and best in the town. The deacon and I lived upon the top of a gentle eminence, his house upon one side of the road, and mine upon the other; while Pownal's buildings stood over upon another eminence an eighth of a mile off. One spring Mr. Pownal received a letter from a brother, who resided in Texas, requesting him to come out there to attend to a matter of important business. At first our neighbor thought it would be impossible for him to go; but upon deliberation he concluded that his interests would be answered by obeying his brother's request. As soon as he had made up his mind to this effect, he set about making arrangements for the care of his farm during his absence. He meant to take his whole family with him; and, at his wife's request, he decided to shut up his house. He called upon the deacon and myself, and, at his own proposition, the following arrangement was made: We—that is, the deacon and I—were to do all the planting and sowing, and the harvest therefrom was to be ours. We were to cut and make the hay for him, and put it into his own barn; and also to take care of his cattle. His sheep—and he had a large flock—we were to shear, and if we chose to dispose of the wool, we might do so. But there is no need of detailing all the items of our arrangement. Suffice it that the whole bargain was greatly to our advantage, and that we accepted the stipulations most cheerfully. Mr. Pownal went away in April, and we took charge of his place from that time.

Isaac Perkins had been my neighbor only a few years, but I had learned to esteem him even above many of the older inhabitants. As a neighbor he was kind and obliging; as a friend he had proved himself true and reliable; and as a man and a Christian he stood above reproach. He was one of the deacons of our church; and in that capacity he had seemed to do his duty truly and faithfully. He had enemies—and who has not?—and there had been some hard things said about him; but I had never given any ear to the stories, because I believed the man to be entirely above them.

In due time we commenced work upon Pownal's farm, and I soon found that the deacon was to take the lead. He was the best qualified for it—he was the better farmer—and I gladly allowed him to go ahead. We got the hay in good shape, and stowed it in Pownal's barn. The sheep—nearly two hundred of them—yielded a thousand pounds of wool; and this we put away in one of my empty chambers over the shed. When we harvested the corn and wheat the quantity exceeded our most sanguine expectations; and as I had the most room, and my buildings were most convenient for the purpose, we stored the crops on my premises. When the frost came, and the harvesting had all been done, we took an account of our produce, and found that we had made a grand thing of our contract with Mr. Pownal. Most of the corn and wheat we meant to sell; but the wool we concluded to keep until Pownal came home.

"There's one thing," said I, "that we must look after." The deacon had come over one evening to compare some accounts, and we began to talk about our grain. "I have heard," I went on, "that some of the farmers in town have had things stolen from their premises."

The deacon said he had not heard of any such thing.

"It's so," I told him. "At least, so I have been informed. And I have thought that our garner offered a tempting bait to enterprising thieves. Hadn't I better get some stouter locks to my doors?"

Perkins didn't know exactly what answer to make? He smiled at the idea that any one should think of stealing our grain; and yet he was willing to procure the locks if I would put them on.

"It would be a heavy lug to back off corn and wheat enough to pay for stealing it," he said.

I agreed to that; and yet I reminded him that a man who had the disposition to steal could make pretty good wages if he gained access to our garner. And then I added:

"You forget the wool. A man could take away a good many dollars' worth of that in a night."

The deacon said he did not think of the wool. On the whole, we had better have the locks put on. He was going to town in a few days, and he would get some good ones.

I think it was the very next day after this that I went up into the loft where the wool was stored to see if everything was right there. It seemed to me that some of the fleeces had been moved; but it did not strike me then that any of them had been taken away. I put up a few loose ones, and opened a window to let a little air in upon them, and then went out. On the following day I went up again, and this time I was startled by noticing that some of the fleeces were missing. Upon the left hand, by themselves, I had put thirty-three fleeces of an extra quality, and of extra weight, and of those thirteen were gone. I asked my boys if they had been into the chamber, and they said they had not. I went over and saw the deacon, and told him what had happened. He went with me to the chamber, and soon assured himself that some of the wool had been removed.

"Who can have done it?"

"That's the question."

"I'll get the locks to-morrow."

And on the following day Perkins went to town, and brought home the locks with him. He put them upon the doors, and concluded that our property would now be safe.

Two days after that I had occasion to go up into the loft, and what was my astonishment at beholding a vacant space where the finest wool had been piled. Not a fleece of it was left. The whole of that extra lot—three-and-thirty fleeces—had disappeared. I called my boys up; but they knew nothing of the affair. I made them promise to say nothing of what had happened; and then I went over and saw the deacon. He seemed to be much startled when he heard my statement, and soon went with me to the chamber. It was true.——The wool was gone.

"How is it in the grain chamber?" he asked.

We went to see.

Here was another discovery. One of the wheat boxes had been entirely emptied! Thirty bushels of our best wheat had been carried off! And whither had it gone? We could not imagine. Not the least idea could I form, calculated to throw any light upon the subject; and the deacon professed to be equally at a loss.

"There must be a gang of them," I said; "and they are used to this kind of work."

The deacon suggested that we watch; and accordingly we did so. At the end of a week we relaxed our vigilance, and on the very next night twenty more fleeces of our wool were stolen. And how was it with the wheat? Another box was empty! The thief, or thieves, must have been at work in the grain chamber at the time we were watching.

I began to be nervous and uneasy. We had already lost grain and wool to the amount of nearly two hundred dollars, and there seemed to be a fair prospect that we should lose more. At this point I resolved to take the work of watching into my own hands. I was satisfied, from what I had seen and heard, that the deacon had slept upon his watch. He was not very well that season, having worked hard through the summer, and I thought it best to let him rest. I kept my own counsel, saying nothing of my purpose, either to my family, or to the deacon; and on the next night I placed myself where I could safely watch the doors of the loft.

It was a moonless night, and most of the stars were clouded. It must have been past midnight, and I think I had allowed myself to close my eyes—perhaps I had just sunk into a drowse—when I was aroused by a sound near the shed; and on looking out I saw a man at work on the lock of the wool-chamber—I saw him open the door, and go up. My first impulse was to follow him; but upon second thought I concluded not to. He might be a desperate character, and armed; and, furthermore, if I would convict him, I had better allow him to bring away some of my property, and then follow him. In a little while the man came down, and upon his back he had a load of wool. He closed the door behind him, but did not lock it. He moved away beneath the shadow of the hedge until he had gained the road, when he crossed over into my neighbor's yard. I followed carefully behind him—followed him through the deacon's cart-shed into the deacon's barn, where he threw his load down upon the threshing-floor. I crawled near enough to watch his motions; and presently he took a small lantern from his breast-pocket and opened it, and as the light gleamed out I saw the face of the thief.

Mercy!—What a shock was that! The man before me—the man who had been stealing the wool, and whom I had been thus watching—was Deacon Isaac Perkins!

Fairly gasping for breath I sat back and saw him work. I saw him raise a plank in the floor, and drop the wool down; and then he took up his lantern and came out. He went back to my chamber and got another load—and then another—three loads in all, and as many as ten or a dozen fleeces at a load. Then he locked that door, and next opened the door of the grain-chamber, and carried away three bags of wheat. It was three o'clock when he locked up the latter place, and when he had closed his barn-door he retired to his house.

My feelings, as I returned to my own dwelling, were not of the most pleasant kind. I don't know how many things I wished during the rest of that night. I wished that I had never known the deacon; I wished he had never come to live near me; I wished that I had not entered into this business with him; I wished that he had never been kind to me; and I wished that I had not watched him, and thus discovered his secret.

In the morning I went up into the chambers, and saw the traces of the thief. What should I do? Could I have given up the whole business at that point, losing all I had worked for in being relieved from the awkward, painful necessity that was upon me, I would have done so unhesitatingly. But no such opportunity was mine. After breakfast I saw the deacon go away in his wagon; and when he had gone, I went down to his barn, and shut myself in. I raised the plank in his floor, and crawled down; and there I found the missing wool and the missing wheat. The latter had been poured down upon some hay-caps which had been spread out in a deeper place beneath the edge of the mow.

I now went home and opened the subject to my wife. At first she would not believe me. She could not comprehend it. She was a member of the church, and she believed the deacon to be a Chistian. But when I had told her just what I had seen, and had explained to her all the circumstances, she was pained beyond measure.

"For the wool and the grain I care nothing," I cried. "If giving up every pound and bushel of wool and grain would shut this terrible conviction out from my mind, I would give them up readily."

And my wife joined me fully. She felt as badly as I did. She asked me if I could not put off the exposure for a while.

"Let us wait," she said. "Something may turn up."

I told her I was willing to wait. At any rate, I would wait awhile, and see how matters went on.

That evening the deacon came over, and asked me if any more of our property was missing. I wondered how he could ask that question so coolly. I told him that more of the wool and more of the wheat were missing. The look of surprise which he put on, and the words which he spoke, were well chosen. They seemed the very reflection of innocence. He said he couldn't possibly understand it. It astounded him. We must take some effective measures to detect the robbers.

And yet, on that very night, Deacon Perkins came to the chambers again—came and went, creeping in and out like a ghost—and bore off more of the wool and more of the wheat. He came to see me on the next day, and talked as though nothing had happened out of the way between him and me. Surely, thought I, his impudence is great!

While I was still wondering what I had better do in the premises, an old friend from a distant town called to visit me. This friend was a physician, named Shubrick, who had been a school-mate of mine in boyhood, and with whom I had kept up a friendly correspondence. He was a reliable man, and stood at the head of his profession in his own region of country. He arrived in the evening, and on the afternoon of the following day he went over to the deacon's, where he spent some two hours or more.

"You are acquainted with Deacon Perkins," I said to him, after tea.

"Of course I am," replied the doctor. "He lived my very next neighbor for several years."

"How did you like him?" I asked.

"Like him?" repeated Shubrick, looking up as though there was something in my tone which meant more than a simple question. "How could I help liking him. He's one of the best men I ever knew."

I was not prepared then, in the presence of my wife and children, to speak freely upon my neighbor's character; so I smiled, as though I approved what had been said.

"By the way," said the doctor, breaking off from another subject at a later hour in the evening, "Deacon Perkins don't look so well as I had hoped to find him."

"He has worked pretty hard," I remarked.

"Yes," added Shubrick; "and he should have known better. He has been warned against overwork. I wonder if his old malady has returned upon him."

"What malady?" I asked.

"Sleep-walking."

"What?"

"Sleep-walking. He used to be one of the most remarkable somnambulists that I ever heard of. While he lived near me I have known him to get up at night; harness his horse; ride away ten miles to an old mill that he owned; return; put up his horse; and go to bed again, without the least idea of what he was doing."

"That is strange," I said.

"Aye," returned the doctor, "and he did stranger things than that. One time it was told in town that a house had been broken into, and all the silver stolen. One morning, not long after, Mrs. Perkins found all her silver missing—all her silver, and most of her plated ware. She supposed it had been stolen, and the deacon advertised it. A few nights afterwards it was discovered that the deacon himself had lugged the silver off, and hidden it beneath the barn-floor. The idea of burglars had vivified his dreams, and he had got up in his sleep, and put his silver away in a place of safety; and it might have laid there till the barn rotted down had it not been discovered by accident."

My wife came and placed her hand upon my shoulder.

"O," she cried, "aren't you glad you waited? I felt sure something would turn up."

Of course I was glad.

Dr. Shubrick asked what we alluded to.

I told him the story of the wool and the corn.

"You had a conversation about burglars before any of the property was missed?" he said.

"Yes," I answered. "We had heard of some robberies in town, and the deacon and I had consulted touching the safety of our own property."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the doctor. "It was all plain now.

Aye—and when we had caught the deacon in one of his nocturnal visits, and had surprised him in the very act of stowing our wool away under his barn-floor; and when we had witnessed his own blank astonishment—we all laughed.

And I know that no one laughed with more genuine relief than I did; for I had now found that my kind-hearted neighbor, instead of seeking to defraud me by stealing my property, had been, even in his sleep, seeking to hide it where thieves and robbers could not find it.

INDIAN CHIVALRY.

"About five years ago," began the old trader, who was about to spin a company of us a yarn, "I started from the American Fur Company's station, at the mouth of the Yeton, on the Missouri, with a stock of goods to trade with War-pon-to-pah's band, whose village was up the former river about ten day's journey. War-pon-to-pah, whose name means 'the Black Otter,' was a great brave.

"On arriving at their town, I found the people engaged in a buffalo dance which they had continued for more than a week. This dance is only undertaken when their provisions are exhausted, and the buffaloes have disappeared from their vicinity; and it is always kept up till their lookouts upon the prairie announce the return of the animals. It is a kind of religious service to the Great Spirit, invoking him to send the needed supply of buffalo meat. The Indians have the utmost belief in its efficacy, for from the fact that it is continued till the appearance of the herds, it never fails, as they say, to make them come.

"The people were at the point of starvation, and War-pon-to-pah had been absent several days, in company with a small party of hunters, in search of food; when, at length, a cheerful shout was heard from the hills, and the lookouts were seen making the long wished for signals of the approach of buffaloes.

"Instantly all was bustle and commotion. The dancers threw aside the robes they had been arrayed in, and flying to the prairie, gathered up their horses, and hastily getting their arms in readiness, prepared for the exciting chase.

"Being so long in idleness, I gladly accepted a horse that was offered me, and joining the Indians, was soon flying over the hills, towards the prairie, where we expected to see the herd.

"I was mounted on a fleet mustang, and in the excitement of the race, soon found myself far in advance of the Sioux, and close upon the animals, when I perceived a movement among them, which led me to suspect their true character. It immediately occurred to me, that this was a stratagem of some hostile Indians, to draw the Sioux into an ambuscade, and wheeling my horse suddenly, endeavored to arrest the headlong rush of the advancing horseman. But in their eagerness for the food they needed so much, the young men paid no attention to my warning shouts, but kicking their heels into the sides of their wild horses, sped away towards the objects.

"At length they themselves discovered that they were decoys of their old enemies, the Crows, and now checked their speed, and, wheeling short, attempted to escape towards their pallisaded village. At that moment I perceived a large war party spurring up from the barranca, and pouring down upon the flying Sioux; while another, rushing out from behind a swell of the prairie, cut them off from retreat. The Sioux fought bravely, for they were within sight of their own wigwams, and the pallisades crowded with the children and squaws, who were had remained behind in anticipation, a few moments before, of the glorious feast of buffalo humps and marrow bones the hunters were to bring in to them.

"The battle lasted for nearly an hour; till finally the Sioux succeeded in falling back to the rear of their breastworks and pallisades, but not till they had left nearly a score of the band, scalpless, dead and dying upon the prairie. In our party we mustered only three scalps of the Crows, one of which was dangling at the bridle of my own horse.

"Now commenced a scene of mourning, and the accompanying ceremonies over the dead warriors, which lasted for several days; and, in the midst of it, War-pon-to-pah and his party returned from a successful hunt. Their animals were loaded with the flesh of buffaloes.

"Great was the chagrin of the young chief when he learned the melancholy story; and scarcely giving the young men time to recover from the fatigue of their last journey, he determined to pursue the enemy, if need be to their own villages, and revenge his band for their losses. His party numbered about half a hundred; and after a scalp dance over the three scalps the Sioux and myself had secured on that unlucky day, the horses were collected, and the party prepared for the war trail.

"My tents were upon the bank of the river, where my boats were lying; and while the warriors were making their hasty preparations, War-pon-to-pah dashed up to me, and desired me to accompany them. I consented to go; and soon we were upon the war trail, in the direction of the southern headwaters of the Yellow Stone, along which were scattered a number of the villages of the Crows. We had been several days upon the path, and were now approaching one of the villages. We must have been within a few miles of it, when one of the Indian scouts came galloping back with the intelligence that a very large war party of the Crows were encamped in a valley beyond.

"War-pon-to-pah, with a yell of defiance, drove his spurs deep into the flanks of his wild charger, and flew up the ascent of the ridge which intervened between us and the valley, waving his warriors on as he went. I was close behind him, and behind me came his band, riding rapidly up the swell.

"As soon as the Crow sentinels discovered our approach, they darted off into the valley, yelling as they went; and in a few minutes the camp was a scene of the utmost commotion. Horses were mounted in hot haste, and the sun light was reflected from hundreds of spear points and rifle barrels, as they prepared to meet the invaders; while the wild yells and warwhoops that rang fiercely upon the summer air, made a pandemonium of sounds anything but charming to the ears of the alarmed Sioux. The latter had flattered themselves with the hope of falling stealthily upon some unprotected village, and filling their belts with the scalps of women and old men, and perhaps a few warriors; but they little expected to come upon a large force, so far outnumbering themselves, already upon the war-path; and when War-pon-to-pah turned to cheer on his people, they had already halted, and refused to advance.

"Stung to madness by this cowardly conduct, the chief hurled back upon them the most contemptuous reproaches. 'What,' said he, 'are ye all women! and now, after following the trail so long, and when the thieving Crows are in sight, do your cowardly hearts fail you? Back, every squaw of you to your lodges, and tell the old men and children that ye ran from our foes, and left War-pon-to-pah alone to fight the battle!'

"Saying this the brave fellow dashed alone into the valley, and checking his horse, in sight and hailing distance of the Crows, leaped to the ground, and raising his lance high in the air, drove its iron point firmly into the sod. He now loosened his medicine bag, or totem, from his belt, and tied it to the top of the lance, and driving his horse to the rear with a blow from his rifle, shouted defiantly towards the camp of the enemy; and straightening his proud form to the utmost, stood gazing haughtily upon their preparations.

"After a moment of apparent consultation, a warrior, splendidly dressed, and mounted upon a gallant charger, spurred towards him, and halting within pistol shot, demanded:

"'Who are you that so fearlessly challenges to single combat?'

"'I am War-pon-to-pah, chief of the Teton band of Sioux. My people have been murdered by yours, while I was absent on the hunt. My warriors are few—yonder they stand; while your young men cannot be counted; I have come to fight the bravest Crow in your nation! Let him meet me here!'

"'War-pon-to-pah,' replied the Crow, 'we have all heard your name; you are a great brave, and *I* will fight you!'

"'Are you a chief?' demanded the Sioux.

"'Do you see the scalps upon my bridle and spear shaft?' was the reply.

"'I do! it is well!' returned War-pon-to-pah; 'we will fight upon this spot, and whoever proves the victor, his band shall return unmolested to his people.'

"'So let it be!' returned the Crow chief; and dismounting he fixed his own lance a few paces from the other, and instantly bringing his rifle to a level, fired upon his antagonist. Two shots were heard at the same instant, for the Sioux's quick eye had detected the intention. Quick as thought the Crow had recharged his rifle, for the bullet of War-pon-to-pah had whistled harmlessly past his ear. Not so, however, with that of the former; for the Sioux, holding up his powder horn, showed his opponent that his bullet had shot away its bottom, and the powder had fallen to the ground.

"Casting his loaded rifle from him, the Crow now drew his bow, as did also the Sioux, and thick and fast the arrows flew about the combatants. Their legs and arms were pierced with the barbed points; but with their bull-hide shields they protected their bodies and vital parts. Their legs, feet and arms were streaming with blood.

"At length the Crow chief had exhausted his arrows; and holding up the empty panther skin, which was the quiver, so informed his antagonist.

"The Sioux now loosened the strap that confined his own well-filled quiver to his back, and threw it to the ground; while the Crow grasped his scalping-knife, and advanced upon him, brandishing it fiercely in the air, and yelling with desperation.

"War-pon-to-pah struck his hand upon his belt, to draw forth his own knife; but it fell upon the bladeless scabbard! He had lost the weapon, and was advancing to meet his enemy, defenceless!

"They had met, and the Crow had planted the keen point of his knife clean through the bull-hide of War-pon-to-pah's shield, and into the thigh of his antagonist; when suddenly he perceived that the Sioux was unarmed; that his scabbard and hands were empty; and with an instinctive gallantry that would have done honor to the proudest knight in the days of chivalry, he hurled the weapon with all his force far out upon the plain; and the two, dropping their now useless shields, grappled each other fiercely in their strong arms.

"The struggle now became a desperate and deadly one. They fought more like beasts of prey than human beings, and soon the grass about them was red with the blood of their wounds. At length, they fell to the ground, the Crow uppermost, with his knee pressing into the chest of the Sioux, with a crushing weight. But the Sioux, with a motion quick as the spring of the panther, threw his antagonist from him, and leaped upon him. In an instant he had planted both knees firmly into the stomach and bowels of the Crow; and with one hand grasping his wrists, and the other his scalp-lock, pressed his head to the ground; and then, like a ravenous beast, tore his throat with his teeth till the red blood spurted hotly from the ragged wound, and bathed the combatants in a sanguinary tide; then rising to his feet he wiped the blood of the dying warrior from his face, and despoiling the body of its medicine or mystery bag, gathered up the weapons of the Crow, which were scattered over the ground, and giving vent to an exultant whoop, moved with a proud step towards the rising ground, where his admiring band were still assembled, watching the progress of the combat. His horse was brought to him, and leaping to his back, the victorious Sioux led the way in triumph back to his village; the Crows, in the meantime, making no efforts to pursue them."

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It is an easy matter to commend patience when there is no danger of any trial, to extol humility in the midst of honors, to begin a fast after dinner.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The same object, seen from three different points of view—the Past, the Present, and the Future—often exhibits three different faces to us; like those sign-boards over shop doors, which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought! Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

A man may carry his faith so guardedly that no one shall ever suspect that he is a Christian; but the worst of this is, that God never suspects it either.

He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day.

Too much wealth is often the occasion of poverty. He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.

Wisdom is a nut, which, if not chosen with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm.

Slander not others because they have slandered you; bite not a reptile because you have felt his bite.

It makes a very material difference to a lamb whether he is gathered into the fold by a shepherd or a snake.

The snuff-taker is irreverent; he looks upon God's beautiful world merely as something to be sneezed at.

The cup of Circe changed men to swine; that cup is common now—it contains whiskey.

Many pride themselves upon being wild young men, who are only wild beasts.

Follow the fashion; you had better display other people's follies than your own.

Shut not up a brood of evil passions in your bosom; like enraged serpents they will bite their cage.

Young women are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

He is but a poor general, who, like a drum, is made only to be beaten.

Man and wife, like verb and nominative, should always agree.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

Those who heed not God's writ are often forced to heed the sheriff's.

Laws are always multiplying lawyers, and lawyers always multiplying laws.

If you have a spite against a hen, and would have her eggs laid in ashes, shut her up in the ash-barrel.

Impossibilities, like vicious dogs, fly before him who is not afraid of them.

Some people are so obtuse that one would hardly think they could have an acute disease.

If sleep flies from you, don't go in hot pursuit of it; lie still, and it will probably come and kiss you

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

Women never truly command till they have given their promise to obey.

Be calm while your adversary frets and rages, and you can warm yourself at his fire.

Men of heedless charity make more beggars than usurers do.

We are apt to be partial to our own observations—probably for the observer's sake.

It is easier for the generous to forgive than for the offender to ask it.

Money is nothing in itself; it is useful only when it departs from us.

Many live miserably and meanly just to die magnificently and rich.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A poor man, living in the southwestern portion of this State, who earned a living by clearing wild land and making staves, had a little son, five years of age, to whom he was devotedly attached, and whom he used to take into the woods with him; a short time since he took the little fellow out with him, as usual, to a spot where he was to fell a number of huge oaks, to make staves of, and in the course of the day, the child getting asleep unbeknown to his father, the latter felled a tree across the spot where he was lying, and crushed him to a jelly. The heart-broken man carried the mangled remains home in his arms, and laying them on the little bed of his son, sat down beside them in a state of stupor, from which it was impossible to arouse him, even after the lapse of several days.

A child, whose parents reside at St. Joseph, was lately attacked with delirium tremens, although it is only four years old. Its father, a self-willed man, had been in the habit of giving it liquor to drink since it was two years of age, notwithstanding the earnest expostulations and entreaties of his wife, and its appetite for strong drink had become so ungovernable that, when no one was present to control it, and it could get at ardent spirits, it would drink until it became brutishly intoxicated.

A lonely house in the town of Andes, in this State, occupied by an aged couple, was burned one night lately, and on examination, the charred remains of the old man were found near where the bed had stood, while those of the old lady were found near the stove. The aged woman was subject to paroxysms of anger so vehement as to verge on madness, during which she often threatened to burn the house, and it is supposed she had at last put her threats in execution.

A widower named Powel, living near Wheelersburgh, Ohio, while sleeping with two small children in the lower story of his house, one night not long since, was blown up by a quantity of gunpowder that had been placed under his bed, and fired by means of a fuse introduced through holes bored in an adjoining partition. The children were both killed instantly, and Mr. Powell was injured so badly that he died the next morning.

One day not long since, a little girl, not more than five years old, fell from a carriage which was going at a rapid rate, and passing between the wheels, had her frock literally torn from her body, without sustaining the slightest personal injury, and gathering up the remains of her dress, she ran to the carriage, and exclaimed to her terror-stricken mother, "*Well, I wonder what is to be done next!*"

A man fired a pistol into a crowd one night recently, supposing it to contain a blank cartridge, but which was in fact loaded with a ball as well as with powder, and the result was that a servant girl who was passing was dangerously wounded in the side. The reckless man, on seeing what he had done, attempted to flee, but a policeman arrested him, and he was locked up for examination.

A man named Runnyion, who was at work upon a new building in Broadway, while ascending a ladder leading from the scaffolding at the base of the third story to a scaffold at the top of the fourth story, slipped, and rolling down the ladder and off the lower scaffold, fell to the basement, where he struck upon a pile of jagged stones, and was instantly killed, his body being horribly mangled.

A short time since, as a couple of men were attempting to roll a stick of timber from a large pile in a ship yard at Green Point, one of them slipped, just as the timber started, his legs catching between a couple of logs, and the timber coming down on him, he was crushed so badly that he died in the course of the day.

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Very Appropriate.—J. J. Adams & Co., brush-manufacturers, 106–108 Fulton street, naturally concluding that the best brush for horses should be used upon the best horses for a brush, have sent us some superior specimens of their handiwork. One is of the ordinary shape of brush for grooming, with extra nice bristles and patent leather back—the belief having become prevalent that there is "nothing like leather," even in a horse-brush. The idea is supposed to have been derived from the popularity and success of the limber and elastic back long in use among politicians. The other brush is of the style of a card, and is designed for the mane and tail. Its advantage is that the bristles do not pull out the hair like the metallic teeth of a card. It is impossible for us to notice all the presents sent to this office; but these articles are of such extraordinary quality that they especially deserve mention.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THOUGHTS ON MUSIC FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Many persons who like to enjoy a ballad sung are indifferent to hearing a piece played on the piano. The sentiment—the words of the song—interests them, and that flavors the music, and renders it palatable to a degree it would not otherwise possess. Then, again, hearers in ordinary of music are appalled at the length of piano pieces, and at much of the matter which they contain, being as heathen Greek to them. There are, however, two ways for players on the piano to win converts to the musical finger as well as to the musical throat. It is to learn *to sing*, so to speak, on the instrument, or to play a piece which has distinct melody, capable, as regards phraseology and pitch, of being rendered by the voice, or, in other words, is a transcription from some opera or vocal music. Now it is really more rare to find a player capable of so singing on the instrument, or playing in a singing style, though the notes be few and easily executed mechanically, than to meet with one equal to the extraordinary digital dexterities of the day. The artists who can execute brilliant rainbows of sound arching over all the keys, or give tramping, thundering notes in octaves and chords, are beginning to be many, but how few are there who can take a passionate air from a modern opera, and present it on the piano with kindred emphasis and expression to the great singer at the opera! Even Thalberg played a dramatic air with a certain coldness, and he had been a diligent student of the art of singing. The moral of this is, that every performer on the piano should learn first, to whatever extent her voice permits, the art of phrasing and emphasizing melody; without such a preparation she cannot hope to reach to passionate and intelligent performance on the piano.

The piano in this country has become a household word. The diffusive well-being of the people has enabled a class to possess themselves of comfortable homes and well-furnished houses, who hitherto, in the world's history, have been the ill-fed, half-starved pariahs of the governing orders. An American mechanic of skilled industry, of the better kind, even though he work on wages, may have a parlor better furnished, in some respects, than England's sovereign could in the time of Elizabeth. Among the superior things at his disposal is a piano, that luxury and sweet solace to dreary hours.

There is a vast amount of impudent, vulgar writing for the piano. Of the pieces selected by teachers, about one in fifty has the accuracy and style which should fit it to be played. We have no quarrel with dance music. A good waltz or polka is as rare as a good anything else in musical composition. But music is not addressed only to the heels, or to tickling the ears. It is proffered to the heart and the soul. It should teach the eternal spirit of love underlying religion and immortality. No art—not even poetry—makes in this respect such a grandiose, illimitable, undefinable, extatic appeal to the higher passions and emotions as does music, properly understood and interpreted. To choose the music necessary to this end, great care is necessary. It is natural that professors and amateurs should not be satisfied with mere playing; they yearn to be composers, and so there is much ink shed and paper wasted. But the daubing of a country-inn sign is not farther from a Raphael's Madonna, than the stuff called musical composition, as it teems from the American press, is from the genuine afflatus of lyrical genius. Not only are rhetorical rules violated, but the simplest canons of musical grammar invaded by these blaring impertinences, though set off with an illuminated title-page, occupying one-third the space of the whole thing so gorgeous that the original edition of Shakspeare looks like an old sixpenny almanac in comparison. In language it is possible to have a phrase of two words, and each wrong. For example, to say in place of "those are," "them is," is very common. But it is possible to reduce ignorance to a still lower form by contracting the error thus: "them's." Now musical "them's" abound in fashionable pieces splendidly printed, and the ear of the pupil in the fine house even, and with the fine piano, is corrupted to the same extent.

GARDEN GLORIES.

Autumn is a sumptuous colorist. She has all the tints of the rainbow on her pallette, and she paints her leaves and fruits and flowers with hues which the rarest pigments of Art cannot parallel. Her pencil has already softly touched the woods, and we see here and there among the foliage the faint dawn-flush that heralds their imperial glow. She has made the peach, the pear, the apple and the plum a glory among the branches, and so beautified our gardens that it is a delight to look upon them.

The royal dahlias are sporting their gorgeous crowns in the holiday sunshine, the helianthus hangs his golden disc over the palings, the hollyhocks sway their blossoming sceptres over mobs of crysanthemums and marigolds, white and scarlet poppies nod slumberously among beds of verbenas and groups of four-o'-clocks, and tiger lilies shake their spotted turbans in the breeze. Hither and thither over this pomp of flowers darts the humming-bird, more radiant than they, shedding at once light and music from his quivering wings.

Unfortunately among the gifts bestowed by Fairy Autumn on her floral children, fragrance is not one; yet there must be sweetness in their juices, for the burly, yellow-belted humble-bee and his more exemplary cousin of the hive dive deep and revel long in their cups, and the tiny bird that lives on butterfly fare taps and drinks nectar from them all.

There is a more divine loveliness in this season than in any other of the year. Its skies are fairer, its sunlight softer, its temperature more delicious, its morning and evening twilights more beautiful, its moon and stars more glorious than those of Spring or Summer. Happy are they who can make it their season of recreation. When the sun of July mounts flaring to the zenith, and all life pants under its beams, the city, with its broad shadows and innumerable devices for keeping cool, is preferable, perhaps, to the rural districts; but when Autumn points with vine-wreathed thyrsus to the woods, the gardens, the melon patches and the orchards; when the chestnuts are brown and the grapes are purple, *then* we long to cut the cord that binds us to the desk of our sanctum, and flee away in the direction of her wand.

INCOMBUSTIBLE PETTICOATS.

Crinoline was condemned to banishment from genteel society abroad, because—so it was alleged—the balloonery which the hoops supported was so liable to catch fire. But a meddlesome, over-officious doctor across the herring pond, has met this objection with the discovery that ladies' skirts "done up" with a starch containing a small quantity of sulphate of soda, are thereby rendered incombustible. This is "important if true." If a lady can be rendered uninflammable at the slight cost of a spoonful or two of Glauber's Salt every washing day, the discovery is a most valuable one, no matter what changes may be made in crinoline. And here be it remarked, in parenthesis, that incombustible skirts would be a "big thing" in the way of speculation. Probably they would pay as well as salamander safes. Possibly better; for, of course, the safety of our wives and daughters, and mothers and grandmothers, is of more consequence than that of bonds and mortgages, treasury notes and bank bills. The dealers in "patent unignitable skirts" would of course have to employ young women in their establishments to exhibit their articles to advantage, as the sewing machine and washing machine patentees do now. The sufficiency of the fire-proof panoply might be demonstrated by applying lighted torches to the employees clothed in it, and, on the same principle that guns are overcharged at the foundries in order to test their capacity to bear the ordinary load, a little camphene might be sprinkled on the garments in order to render the *experimentum crucis* perfectly satisfactory.

If anybody should make a fortune by this hint, the Ledger will have the double satisfaction of aiding somebody to rise in the world, and at the same time of promoting the safety of the "beauty and fashion" of America.

OUR CLIMATE.

It is a common thing to hear the climate of the latitude in which we live called "horrid." The grumblers complain of the sudden changes of temperature, the midsummer heat, the midwinter cold; in fact, of all the thermometrical arrangements. Very nice sort of gratitude to the Creator, this, for having placed them in the pleasantest parallel of the temperate zone! If the ingrates had the flying carpet of the fairy tale, whither would they choose to be transported? To Australia, perhaps; for we hear very fine stories of the climate of that land of nuggets. Well, the healthiest part of the overgrown island of New Holland is visited every now and then by hot sand winds, that compel the inhabitants to close their doors and windows, under pain of fervid suffocation. So intensely hot are these breezes from the Saharas of the interior, that meat may be cooked on the stones over which they are passing! Then at meal-times there is an unlimited attendance of monstrous green flies, which play the mischief with the food by a means peculiarly their own. A walk on the beach at Melbourne or Port Philip might be pleasant when the sea-wind sets in, but unfortunately the sands swarm with fleas; and a siesta in the piazza might be agreeable, if the crevices of the wood-work were not so full of centipedes! So much for one of the most tolerable of the comparatively winterless regions. The summerless ones, if Dr. Kane's experiences go for anything, are a trifle worse. The climate of the British Isles will do very well for people who are at home in a fog, but for those who love sunlight it is somewhat too much infested with "a pestilent congregation of vapors." In point of fact, there are few healthier spots to be found between the poles and the equator than the little island of Manhattan.

COOKING IN CAMP.

Whoever has read the official statement lately made by the Commissary-General of Subsistence at Washington, must be satisfied that if our soldiers do not receive ample rations of the best quality, their officers, not the government, are to blame. But the best provisions may be rendered unpalatable and indigestible by bad cooking; and there is reason to believe that much of the good beef, bacon, pork, hominy, potatoes and coffee served out in profusion to the volunteers is spoiled in the preparation. The most effectual way to remedy this evil would be to appoint competent men as *army cooks*, and pay them for their services? Why should not the Army have its paid cooks as well as the Navy? We venture to say that the saving in the economization of food, to say nothing of the health and comfort of the men, which would result from the proper management of the military kitchen, would be more than equivalent to the wages of a sufficient number of cooks to ensure to every soldier wholesome and agreeable and nourishing meals. Soyer and his corps of assistants were the good angels of the British army in the Crimea. He furnished them excellent soups made from the ordinary ration meat; and what had been barely eatable when cooked by themselves, became a luxury under his manipulations. If it were not deemed advisable to employ official cooks permanently, the troops should at least be taught, by competent persons hired for that purpose, how to prepare their food to the best advantage.

NOW OR NEVER.

We still hear, occasionally, of the "dullness" of camp life, and the "idleness" that is said to prevail in some of the camps. Idleness, when the country is in such peril as it has never been before! Idleness, when not one man in ten, nor one officer in three, knows anything of the profession of arms beyond the merest routine of holiday parade! Idleness, when every aristocrat on earth, and all the great tribe of snobs in every land, stand mocking at the pretended failure of republican institutions! Idleness, while the taunts of Christendom are tingling our cheeks! If, at such a time as this, the soldiers of the republic can find it in their hearts to be idle, instead of straining every nerve and eagerly employing every hour in becoming proficients in their new and noble vocation, farewell the hope of victory! Every camp must be a scene of activity. The officers must drill and the men must drill. Squads must drill and companies must drill. Regiments and brigades must learn to move in concert. There should be target-shootings and grand reviews, and every possible variety of exercise. Let us hear no more of our idle soldiers. It is NOW OR NEVER with the Union of these States.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Twenty-two.

THE DARK DAY.

There probably never was a military disaster, of which the importance was more unduly magnified, than that of the 21st of July in front of Manassas. After a severe and protracted encounter between the two armies, which, it is admitted, was about to terminate in a drawn battle, if not even in favor of the United States, the Confederates were largely reinforced, a panic arose on the part of the teamsters and civilians following in the train of our forces, the alarm gradually spread to the troops, a retreat commenced, and ended in a general rout. The losses of the enemy in the meantime were equal to our own, he was unable to pursue our flying regiments, and they re-occupied, unmolested, the positions from which (from political reasons, and against the judgment of the Commander-in-Chief,) the premature advance was made. A month has since elapsed; the army of the United States has passed through the terrible ordeal of the return of the three months' men, which began simultaneously with the disaster of the 21st of July, and in spite of the disheartening effect of that disaster, and the confidence it was so well calculated to inspire on the part of the Confederates, our military position is stronger now than it was before the inauspicious event.

Had this occurred in a campaign in Europe, where it is not the custom to cloud the outskirts of an advancing army with a host of curious non-combatants, even if the military retreat had taken place at all, (which, without the civilians' panic, might not have happened,) the account given of the day would probably have been that which Mr. Russell, while ignorant of the disaster behind, gave to the affrighted fugitives whom he encountered toward its close:—"Oh, it's a drawn battle. The troops are re-occupying the position from which they started in the morning." Unhappily the next night's mails were loaded with accounts, not of course intentionally exaggerated, but written under the influence of the same panic which had indefinitely aggravated, if it did not cause, the disaster. From the necessity of the case, the civilians being in the rear of the forces engaged, the disorderly retreat, and finally the panic rout of the forces was all of which they could have been the eye-witnesses, and in their accounts, accordingly, these disastrous events occupy the chief place, to the exclusion of the military operations of the day. These operations extended over a space of several miles, and the commanding officers themselves were unable for some days to make a full and accurate report of them.

During my residence in London, I had several very interesting conversations with the Duke of Wellington on the subject of the battle of Waterloo. One of them took place in the ball-room at Devonshire House, as we stood watching the dancers. He informed me that he had lately received a letter from a person about to write an account of the great battle, asking some information as to its details. "I answered him," said the Duke, "that by comparing and studying the almost innumerable printed descriptions of the battle, English, French and German, a man of sense could acquire a better knowledge of it at the present day than any body, even the commander-in-chief, could get at the time, from personal observation. Suppose any one," he added, "should ask us to-morrow morning to describe the position and movements of all the groups of dancers in this small space before us, we should not be able to report anything beyond what concerned a few of the more prominent personages on the floor. Much less can any individual observation extend to the detailed movements of numerous bodies of men extended over several miles." If such was the modest reserve with which so consummate a chief as Wellington habitually spoke of his personal knowledge of the details of the great event of his life—the memorable engagement fought under his own orders—how little can be expected of the most intelligent and active spectator, who necessarily occupies a post of safe observation, who is borne away in a tumultuous retreat, and writes a hurried report by the next mail!

There is reason to think that, though the United States forces engaged on the 21st of July under almost every conceivable disadvantage—(raw troops to a great extent, whose term of service was expiring, coming under fire for the first time, after a weary march beneath a blazing sun, contending on strange ground with fresh opponents sheltered by field works, that had been in course of construction for weeks) nothing happened beyond the average ill-luck of unsuccessful battles. If such battles, instead of being described from carefully prepared official returns, were habitually narrated in glowing newspaper reports, from the first impressions of civilians who have hovered in the rear of the army, they would, I apprehend, in most cases exhibit similar scenes of panic and disorder.

After the fate of Wagram was decided by the retreat of the Archduke Charles, and Napoleon had retired to rest for the night, he was roused by an alarm, which seemed of the most formidable character. The rear of his victorious army was thrown into confusion. Artillery, baggage-wagons, stragglers, and camp followers fled in disorder toward the Danube. The plain was covered with fugitives, the entrance to the bridges was blocked up with carriages, and many, even after crossing the river, continued their flight, and never halted till they were safe within the walls of Vienna. "The alarm," says Alison, "spread like wildfire from rank to rank; the Guard even was shaken; the victors for a moment doubted the fate of the day. The ranks presented the appearance of a general rout, and yet the whole was occasioned by a single squadron of the Archduke John's cavalry, which had been far advanced toward Wagram, and seeking to regain, as he retired, the road to Presburg, had cut down some French marauders in one of the villages on the east of the field." Such was the effect of panic on the veterans of Napoleon, reposing in his presence after a mighty victory!

Justly does the same historian exclaim, "Experience in every age has demonstrated, that, after the protracted excitement of a great battle, the bravest soldiers become unstrung, and at such a moment the attack of a few fresh troops often produces the most extraordinary results. It is this which has so often chained success to the effort of a reserve in the close of an obstinately disputed day; which made Kellerman's charge at Marengo snatch victory from the grasp of the triumphant Austrians; and the onset of Sir Hussey Vivian's brigade, on the flank of the old guard at Waterloo, overthrow at once the military fabric of the French Empire!"

But it will be said Gen. McDowell's army was not only worsted, it fled in wild disorder from the field. I apprehend most defeated armies do that. The Roman veterans of the army of Pompeius did it, at the battle of Pharsalia, and when those of them who had escaped to the neighboring mountain capitulated the next day, they threw down their arms, and wept as they begged for their lives. A greater than Pompeius was vanquished at Waterloo; but the French writers all but unanimously claim that they had the advantage till the arrival of the Prussian reinforcement at the close of the day. Then, says the English historian of the battle, "the whole French army became one mass of inextricable confusion. The *chausée* was like the scene of an immense shipwreck, covered with a vast mass of cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and articles of every kind. All the efforts of the guard to stem the flight or arrest the progress of the victors were fruitless. They were swept away by the torrent, which streamed in resistless force over the whole plain. Never had such a rout been witnessed in modern war. * * * Before the pursuit ceased, from the inability of the British, through absolute exhaustion to continue it, 150 pieces of Cannon, 350 caissons, and 6,000 prisoners had been captured; and of the vast French army, that morning so brilliant, not two companies were to be found together. * * The Prussians continued the pursuit during the whole night. Seven times the wearied French, ready to drop down, formed bivouacs; seven times they were roused by the dreadful sound of the Prussian trumpet, and obliged to continue their flight without intermission. Such was the fatigue, that the greatest part of the foot soldiers threw away their arms, and the cavalry, utterly dispersing, rode every man for his life across the country. The dejection was universal and extreme. At Gemappe some resistance was attempted, and a brisk fire of musketry was kept up for a few minutes from behind a barricade of overturned cannon and carriages. But a few shots from the Prussian horse artillery soon dispersed the enemy, and the town was taken amidst loud cheers, and with it Napoleon's travelling carriage, private papers, hat, and sword."

Let me remind the reader that this was the panic flight, not of volunteers, who that day heard the roar of hostile cannon for the first time; not of young men fresh from their offices, counting-rooms, workshops and farms, but of veterans seamed with the scars of a hundred battles; some of whom had followed the victorious eagles of the greatest of modern commanders from Cairo to Austerlitz.

The English press, with scarce an exception, finds in the recent panic at Bull Run not merely a theme for the bitterest taunts, but the completion of the proof that "the bubble of democracy has burst," as if a drawn battle, or if you please an ignominous rout, suffered by an army of raw volunteers at the commencement of a war, proved anything one way or another, in reference to the comparative stability of different forms of government. What bubble burst when Charles Edward, on the 25th of July, 1745, landed from "a little bark" of eighteen guns (furnished by a private gentleman in France) on the western coast of Scotland, for the conquest of Great Britain, and the overthrow of the House of Brunswick? At the head of a handful of clansmen, of whom half were armed with scythes and bludgeons, the youthful adventurer marched upon the ancient capital of Scotland—an object, one would have thought, to England, in the middle of the last century, not so much of fear as of pity. A monarchy consolidated by ages, whose virago queen two centuries before had brought the royal beauty of Scotland to the block—whose armies, under Marlborough, in the preceding generation, had humbled the pride of Louis XIV. in the dust—quailed before an unbreeched rabble of two thousand men from the highlands. Panic fear marched in their van; the royal army blundered up to the North, while the Pretender was hurrying Southward; the gates of Edinburgh flew open, and on the 17th of September, just three weeks after his landing, the heir of the Stuarts was seated on the throne of his ancestors in Holyrood House. "That two thousand men," wrote the Marquis of Tweedale from Whitehall to Lord Milton, who had escaped from Edinburgh, "and these the scum of two or three highland gentlemen, the Camerons, and a few tribes of the Macdonalds, should be able in so short a time to make themselves masters of Edinburgh, is an event which, had it not happened, I should never have believed possible." "The Panic," says another letter, "wrought so powerfully on some, and *worse* arguments on others, that the town is now in the hands of the rebels."

What bubble burst, when the forces of the Pretender, a few days later, met the royal army at Preston; the numbers about equal, but the Highlanders without artillery or cavalry, while the Royalists were provided with both—troops that had triumphed under George II. at Dettingen two years before, and had suffered a defeat scarcely less glorious than a triumph in the Spring of this year, at the memorable battle of Fontenoy? At four in the morning the young Pretender roused himself from his pillow of pease straw, beneath the open canopy of heaven, and the fight began; and "in less than five minutes," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, who was in the battle, "we obtained a complete victory, with a terrible carnage on the part of the enemy. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second line, where I still was by the side of the Prince, we saw no other enemy on the field of battle than those who were lying on the ground, killed and wounded, though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running always as fast as we could to overtake them, and near enough never to lose sight of them." Not a bayonet was wet, nor is it in one battle out of a hundred. Artillerymen and dragoons fled at the approach of the Highlanders, who threw away their guns—those who had guns—and with terrific screams rushed on with the claymore. "All remedies," says Rolt, a royalist, "in every shape were exerted by General Cope and his brother officers, among whom was the Earl of Loudon, (afterwards commander-in-chief in this country,) to regulate the disorder, but in vain. Neither the example nor the entreaty of the officers could animate the dastardly dragoons to return to the charge; the other body of dragoons joined in the flight; they opprobriously fled without wielding their swords, through the town of Preston." A portion of the infantry made a momentary resistance under the brave Col. Gardiner, who, after the flight of the dragoons, dismounted and placed himself at the head of the foot, "where he gloriously perished." Like the noble Lyon, the other day, in Missouri, seeing a detachment of infantry fighting without a leader, he exclaimed, "These brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander," placed himself in their front, cheered them on, and was soon cut in two with a Highland scythe. Not above 170 of the Royal infantry escaped, all the rest being killed or taken prisoners. Twenty captains, twenty-four lieutenants, twenty-nine ensigns, with all the train of artillery, baggage, tents, colors, and military chest, containing £6,000, a valuable acquisition for the Pretender, who, as he had only two captains and thirty men killed, and eighty-three wounded, made a triumphal entry into Edinburgh, carrying all the wounded prisoners, with the colors and baggage, in procession through the city, guarded by the Highlanders, and attended by all the bagpipes of the rebel army, playing their favorite air, "*the King shall enjoy his own again.*"

As for Sir John Cope, the commander-in-chief, who had fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy, he contrived, with the aid of a white rose on his breast, which was the Pretender's badge, to slip through the Highland clans with a few dragoons, and escaping to Edinburgh, dashed through the streets of the city at full gallop. They were refused admission as a pack of cowards, into the castle, by the stout governor, who held it for King George, and "seized with a fresh panic, went off again," says Lord Stanhope, "at full speed towards Coldstream. Even there they did not feel secure, but after a night's rest sought shelter behind the ramparts of Berwick. There they arrived in the most disgraceful disorder, and Sir John Cope was received by his brother officer, Lord Mark Kerr, with the sarcastic compliment, that he believed he was the first general on record who had carried the tidings of his own defeat."

The three generals who commanded the Royal forces, while England lay under the paralyzing influence of a six months' panic, were Sir John Cope, Field Marshal Wade, and General Hawley. Their respective shares, in the military operations, were commemorated by the wits of the day, (*after the danger was past*) in the following couplet:

> "Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade through the snow,
> Nor Hawley haul his cannon to the foe."

What "bubble burst" when Charles Edward, flushed with success, his little force now swelled to seven thousand, invaded England, besieged and reduced Carlisle, baffled Field Marshal Wade, and reached Derby on his way to London? "It certainly appears to me," says Lord Stanhope in his interesting monograph on the 'Forty-five,' "that the Prince and his soldiers were right in their reluctance to retreat, and that, had they pursued their progress, they would in all probability have suceeded in their object. A loyal writer," (Fielding the great novelist) "who was in London at the time, declares, that when the Highlanders by a most incredible march, got between the Duke of Cumberland's army and the metropolis, *they struck a terror into it, scarcely to be credited.* An immediate rush was made upon the Bank of England, which it is said only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences, to gain time. The shops were shut, public business for the most part suspended, and the restoration of the Stuarts, desired by some, but disliked by many more, was yet *expected by all* as no improbable or distant occurrence. The Duke of Newcastle, the premier, is believed to have hesitated whether he should not embrace the Pretender's cause, and George the Second was said to have packed up his precious effects and sent them to the Royal Yacht, to be ready for a start. The day on which the approach of the rebels to Derby was made known in London was long remembered as the Black Friday, and Lord Stanhope sums up the matter with the opinion that if Charles (whose forces never exceeded 8,000, and these miserably armed and clothed, and unprovided with everything requisite for success), had marched onward from Derby, *he would have gained the British* THRONE![*] "It is true," he adds, "I am far from thinking that he would long have held it." This may be or may not be, but one would think that, with the recent memory of events like these, our brethren beyond the water might moderate the scorn with which they comment on the panic of our volunteers, and hesitate before they infer from it that "the bubble of democracy has burst." I say "recent memory," for Charles Edward was born but thirty-six years before Farnham, who was introduced to the Prince of Wales, in Boston, last October, and his wife was living in my time at Florence, where she died in 1824.

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[*] The following description of the army of the Pretender on its arrival at Derby, 7,000 strong, with which Lord Stanhope, the first living English historian, thinks if he had marched straight on London, he might have driven out King George II. and seized his throne, is from the supplement to the Gentleman's Magazine, a loyal publication, for 1755:

> "They appeared in general to answer the description which we have all along had of them, viz.: Most of their main body—shabby, I—sy, pitiful-looking fellows, mixed up with old men and boys; dressed in dirty plaids, and as dirty shirts, without breeches, and wore their stockings, made of plaid, not much above half way up their legs, and some without shoes or next to none, and numbers of them so fatigued with their long march, that they really commanded our pity more than our fear."

Boston, 22d August.

DITTO AND ET CETERA.

One of the foreign weeklies, in a playful article, calls attention to the manifold and valuable uses of the half-Greek, half-Latin phrase, "*et cetera.*" Now, et cetera, especially when written &c., is certainly the beau ideal of comprehensive brevity. There is no limit to its condensing power, and yet it occupies a mere point in space. But "*ditto*," it seems to us, has as valid a claim to a newspaper puff as &c. In its abbreviated form of "do.," it is quite as short as the Græco-Latin interloper aforesaid, and if less capable of general and indiscriminate application, is certainly more intelligible and precise. *Et cetera* is very, *very* vague. The law holds it in contempt. It would not be worth a pinch of dust in a will or a deed of assignment. But ditto is clear and positive. It is a labor-saving word of incalculable value. What would the book-keeper, the invoice clerk, the auctioneer do without it! They would die of recapitulatory fever. Ditto saves them. Like *et cetera*, it is a naturalized foreigner, being derived from the Italian *detto*—"the same thing"—and not from an Englishman named Ditto, as certain jokers have asseverated, and as many people believe. That it has economised innumerable square leagues of paper, and seas of ink, is of course patent to everybody, and the finger-toil from which it has exempted the whole business world should entitle it to a conspicuous and honorable place in the Lexicon of Commerce. It takes rank, in fact, with $, £, s., d., and other equally popular symbols, and has the advantage of all of them in brevity, inasmuch as it may be, and very generally is, written thus— ". Decidedly, mankind could spare latitudinarian "*et cetera*" with less inconvenience than that exact synonym for whatever goes before it—ditto.

NEW YORK PARKS.

Blessed be the parks of New York. Fifty times a week we say it, as we see the children of the poor creeping from noisome dwellings and narrow alleys to look at the green grass and blue sky, and sit upon the benches and let soul and body breathe in an atmosphere free from natural and moral filth. Ah, of what is that pale weary mother, with vailed eyes, thinking, as she sits with her chin on her palms, while her little stunted, half-grown baby toddles upon the gravel walk, reaching out its hands at the gay trimmings of the little one whose every step must be guarded and watched, lest harm come to its dainty feet? We cannot read her thoughts; but more than likely *her* babyhood was just as carefully tended. More than likely they who tended it never dreamed of such an ending as this. And how carelessly we pass along through these life-tragedies, nor heed the wan looks, or deep-drawn sighs about us. And so we are glad of the New York parks, where poverty may escape, even for a brief hour, the sickening sights and odors which daily surround it.

Fanny Fern.

A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties transmitted from a wise and virtuous ancestry, public spirit, and a love of one's country, are the support and ornament of a government.

We always stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

DREAMS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Dreams are the ladder of our faith, whose top
Is in the clouds; and down these golden stairs
Roll grand eternal symphonies; and bathed
In floods of glory come the sainted souls
We've missed on earth, to tell us of their watch
And bless us with angelic benison.
But some there are whose souls are so inlaid
With evil thoughts, and so encrusted o'er
With shameful deeds, that they repel the light
Of heaven, and angels flee aghast from man
Demonian. These lie down with tainted lips
And dare to sleep in unshrived, creeping sins.
Dreams are to such a ladder, but its base
Is deep in Erebus; but o'er its top
Are circling noisome vapors, and upon
Its crazy rounds leap mocking imps and all
The myriad shapes of evil. Ah! to such
Dreams are the ladder of a changeless doom.
The dreams of babyhood are fairest. They
Are not a life distinctive, but a pure
And holy echo chiming to the strain
Which sleep divided; quivering to the jar
Of cherub-wings and whispers, and so low
And beautiful the seraphs weave it through
Their harp-strings, and it circles to the arch
Of heaven.
Yet life is no illusion. We
Must battle with the elements and brave
The lions in the way; we must put down
Our wavering feet in earnest upward paths
And fix our eyes upon the Eternal Hills.
The stern Past lingers still—a tablet traced
Too darkly, and the Present which we *dream*
Away shapes silently our Future.

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Now father and child have met at last,
Met—as they never had met before;
Between them the spectre of the past
Stands—a barrier for evermore."

Pleased, pained, and perplexed at once, Alma stood transfixed where Elverton had left her.

She had seen her father! her father, whose sudden flight, mysterious wanderings, and unknown fate, had been the great subject of wonder, speculation, and conjecture to her own self, to the family and to the community.

She had seen her father, actually seen him in the flesh, and spoken with him face to face! There in that spot he had stood before her, intercepting the last rays of the setting sun as it sank below the horizon. They had not embraced, or kissed, or even taken each other's hands—they had met as souls may meet on the confines of another world. And now he was gone like a vanished spirit!

She had met her father, and though the shock of that meeting, with its conflicting emotions of great surprise, deep joy, and bitter disappointment, had impressed her senses as forcibly as any actual event could possibly impress any human being, yet now the whole affair seemed to her so like a dream that she almost doubted its reality.

The meeting so sudden and unexpected; the interview so short and unsatisfactory; the consequences so uncertain and alarming; these subjects engrossed her thoughts, absorbed her senses, and riveted her to the spot, so that she did not move until the brushwood near her broke sharply beneath the tread of the intruder whose distant appearance had driven away her father.

Then she started as from sleep, looked up, and flushed with joy, for she thought the new comer would be Norham Montrose.

Alack! he was only old Davy Denny, the head-gardener, returning from one of his occasional inspections of the woods.

The old man cast a curious, anxious, sorrowful glance at his young lady as he touched his hat in passing her.

Alma blushed at meeting that glance, which said, as plainly as eyes could speak:

"Please, Miss Elverton, it is too late for you to be out walking alone in the woods, and if I only dared to speak, I'd up and tell you so."

And the old servant went slowly, sadly, and reluctantly up towards the mansion-house.

Alma felt no disposition to follow his footsteps, but turned and wandered still farther down the slope of the hill into the narrow valley below, where the woods were thickest.

She had nearly reached the foot of the hill, when the figure of a man suddenly crossed her path.

Looking up with a start, she recognized Hollis Elverton.

"My father! back!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Alma, back; I have not been far from you since we parted. I left you, intending to return to my present retreat. But from the covert of the trees that concealed me I saw old David Denny pass, and saw you, instead of going home, as I expected you to do, and as you should have done, child, turn and ramble down the hill. I then took a shorter path to meet you here, to complete the interview that was interrupted, and under the shadow of the coming night see you safe within the lawn of your own dwelling," said Hollis Elverton, gravely.

"Oh, my dear father! how glad I am that I did not go home. Oh, if you knew how happy it makes me to see you again, even after this short interval, you would indeed love me a little," said his daughter, fervently.

"Peace, girl, peace! No more of that, if you would ever look upon my face again! I have sought you, Alma, with a purpose. Sit down, while I unfold it to you. Sit down, I say, since you cannot stand," said Mr. Elverton, pointing to the trunk of a felled tree that lay across their path, and upon which Alma immediately sank.

Mr. Elverton stood at a short distance, with his arms folded, leaning against an oak.

"You know something of this wholesale poisoning at Allworth Abbey?" he began.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Alma, shuddering.

"How much do you know?"

"As much as has been made public through the coroner's inquest, no more."

"And that—is nothing—worse than nothing, since it is a tissue of false deductions! What opinion have you formed from the facts elicited by the coroner's inquest?"

"Sir, I cannot form any."

"What do you think of the guilt or innocence of the accused girl, Eudora Leaton?"

"Oh, sir, I dare not think of that at all, the subject is so painful to me——"

"You think her guilty, then?"

"I would to Heaven that I could believe her innocent, for I loved her. Oh, my father, she always looked kindly towards me, and in my loneliness I loved her," said Alma, in a broken voice.

"Believe her innocent, then, for she is so," said Hollis Elverton, with solemn earnestness.

"Oh, my dear father! Is this really true? Is my poor Eudora innocent? Oh, prove that her soul is guiltless of this great crime, and I shall not break my heart—no—not even if she dies for it!" cried Alma, starting up, seizing his hand, and gazing eagerly into his face.

It was the first time their hands had met; and Hollis Elverton shudderingly shook off her grasp, as he answered:

"Yes, it is true."

"Are you sure of it?"

"As sure of it as I can be of anything on earth."

"How do you know it? What do you know of it?"

"I know that Eudora Leaton is innocent, and I know who is guilty."

"Oh, my father! can you prove this? will you prove this?"

"Ah! Alma, moral certainty is not legal evidence! I repeat, I know Eudora Leaton to be innocent, and I know who is guilty; but I have no means as yet to prove the guilt of the one or the innocence of the other. But, Alma, you are the well-wisher of the accused girl?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes."

"And you will take my word for her innocence?"

"Oh, yes! it is easy to have faith in what we wish to believe."

"Then you must become my agent in doing all that may be done for this most innocent, injured, and unhappy girl."

"Willingly, my father."

"Listen, then:—Although Eudora Leaton is heiress to one of the largest estates in this county, yet, being a minor, and a ward in chancery, I doubt she is without ready money to retain proper counsel for her defence; and her only friend, her affianced husband, Mr. Malcolm Montrose, is, I fear, as poor as herself, having nothing but a small income from his Highland place. And it is highly desirable that she should have the very best counsel to be procured for money; for it is said that the Attorney-General himself will come from London to conduct this very important case. Therefore, Alma, as I have a vital interest in the acquittal of this innocent girl, and the conviction, if possible, of the guilty person, I must intrust you with this money. Take it, and find means to-morrow to place it either in the hands of Malcolm Montrose, or in those of Eudora Leaton; and say to either with whom you may leave it, that it is furnished by a friend who believes in her innocence, and that it is intended to be devoted to her defence," said Hollis Elverton, placing bank notes for a very large amount in Alma's hands.

ALMA AND HER FATHRE.

"I will take it to Miss Leaton herself, dear father; I can do so very well, as no one ever inquires how I spend my days."

"Poor girl! so much greater the need that you should learn to govern yourself, since there is none to govern you. But do my errand to Eudora Leaton. Tell her to keep up her spirits, hope for the best, and trust in God! Tell her that she has her own consciousness of innocence to support her, one unknown friend working for her, and a just Providence watching over her!"

"I will faithfully deliver your message, my father."

"But not as coming from me! Remember, girl, you are never to breathe my name, or hint my existence to anyone whomsoever! All the world but you believe me dead; leave them in that illusion."

"Dear father, pardon me, but the illusion is yours. The world does not believe you dead. There was a report of your death, and an anonymous letter reached us from St. Petersburg announcing the supposed fact; but after the most careful investigation, my mother came to the conslusion that it was some one else of the same or a similar name, and——"

"She was happier for the hope that it might be true, however, as I intended that she should be," said Hollis Elverton, gravely.

Alma did not reply to this strange observation. She could not bear to acknowledge that her mother had been happier for this hope.

"But the *ruse* did not fully succeed, since it did not convince her of my decease; since the death of H. Elverton, the American stranger, who died at St. Petersburg did not pass quite current with her for mine. Nevertheless, she is the better for the hope that, after all, it may have been mine. Leave her to the enjoyment of that saving hope, which must strengthen every year, until it becomes a certainty!"

"Oh, my father," said Alma, bowing her burning face upon her hands, while the tears stole through her fingers, "these cruel words pierce my heart like daggers. You say you loved each other as man and woman seldom love, and that you severed without a fault on either side. Oh, why then, even if you must be parted, why should you wish her to believe you dead—and why should she be happier in that belief? Would *you* be happier if she were dead?"

"I should; for it would be well, Alma."

"And if I, also, were dead?"

"It would be better still, Alma!"

"And if you were?"

"Best of all!"

"Oh, this is fearful! I remember, too, overhearing it said that, when in childhood, I was ill, and in great danger, my mother's mournful face was lighted up as by a wild hope; but that when I recovered and got well, it sank back to its habitual look of dull despair! Oh, this is dreadful! Why is it that the life of each one of us is a curse to the others, or that the death of either would be a blessing to the rest?" cried Alma, wildly.

"Because a living sorrow is far harder to bear than a dead one! because we are each of us a living sorrow to the others," said Hollis Elverton, gloomily.

"Oh! this is terrible! But why is it best that we *all* should die—I in my youth, you and her in your prime of life, prematurely, as though we were not fit to cumber the earth?"

"Because we *are not* fit to cumber the earth—the dust should hide us!" cried Hollis Elverton, with such a sudden change of voice and manner, such a savage energy of tone and gesture, such a fierce gathering of the brows, glare of the eyes, and writhing of the lips, that his daughter, looking up at him, suddenly shrieked aloud, and covered her face with her hands, for she feared she was in the presence of a madman, if not even in the power of a demoniac.

"Alma," he continued, sternly and pitilessly, in despite of her condition, "this horrifies you; yet, though the words should kill you, I repeat them—it is better that we should die, and return to dust!"

"He wishes indeed to kill me when he uses such awful words," thought the shuddering girl, as she shrank more and more into herself, and cowered nearer and nearer to the ground.

"Alma, there is a misfortune so unnatural that it has been forever nameless in all languages; so degrading that it infects with a worse than moral leprosy all connected with it; so fatal, that nothing but the death of the victim can cure it; nothing but the resolution of the body into its original elements, and its resurrection in another form of being, and into another sphere of life can regenerate it! Alma, such a dire misfortune was mine, and hers, and yours!'

"Oh, this is horrible—most horrible! But what is it, then? Give the fatality some name," cried Alma, distractedly.

"I told you it was nameless, but not cureless; for death is the certain remedy. Therefore, die, Alma, die!"

"Father, I am called a Christian, though most unworthy of the name; and nothing on earth would induce me to cast away my Maker's gift of life."

"Nor do I mean that, either! For though hoping, longing, praying for our deaths, I would not lay sacrilegious hands on my life, hers, or yours; for murder and suicide are crimes of the deepest dye, and I would not burden my soul with even a venial sin; yet, Alma, die if you can!"

"Oh, Heaven! I do not know what you mean, my father."

"Why, this. If ever you are ill again, do not call in a physician, do not take medicine, do not use any means to keep off the death that may come to you naturally, easily, kindly, as an angel of mercy. Promise me this."

"No, my father, I cannot. For not only does my conscience forbid me to destroy my own life, but it commands me to do all I can to preserve it; and I would no more be guilty of negative than of positive suicide," said Alma, firmly, though mournfully.

"Then life, worse than death, must be on your head! You are warned! But remember you who prize this earthly life so highly, do not deprive your mother of the comfort she finds in the supposition of my death by the remotest hint of my existence," reiterated Hollis Elverton, earnestly.

"Father, you have my promise, and you may rely upon it. But, sir, there is one of whom neither you nor I have yet spoken, one whom we should both consider—one, indeed, who is much to be pitied in his widowed, childless and desolate old age. I mean your aged parent, my grandfather, Lord Elverton. Surely he at least would rejoice to hear that his only son still lives! and if necessary, he would keep your counsel as faithfully as I shall. Will you not communicate with him and comfort his aged heart with the news of your continued life?"

"NEVER!" broke forth Hollis Elverton, in a fury, that again frightened his gentle daughter almost into a swoon. "I have no father; I know nothing of your grandfather! and never, in this world, in Hades, or in Heaven, will I see, speak to, or acknowledge Lord Elverton again! Never! so save me, Heaven, in my utmost strait!"

"Oh, sir, he is your father! do not speak of him so bitterly!" faltered Alma.

"Girl! I told you a few moments since that there were misfortunes so monstrous as to be nameless; so shameful as to be contagious; so fatal as to be cureless except by death! and now I add to that, there are sins so great as to burst asunder all ties of kindred, destroy all the sympathies of humanity, and invalidate all obligations of duty! Ask me no more questions, for I find that you are wiling the very spirit from my bosom! but answer me this: since the fatal night that drove me from my home forever, has that old man ever ventured to cross the threshold of Edenlawn?"

"But once, my father; but once, as I truly believe. I have never seen him there, but I heard that, within a few weeks after your flight and my birth, he came to Edenlawn late one afternoon, and was closeted with my mother in the library for an hour, at the end of which he came out, and without taking any refreshment——"

"Ha! a morsel swallowed in that house must have choked him!" interrupted Elverton.

"Or even looking at his poor little granddaughter——"

"The sight of her must have blasted him, as that of the Medusa's head was said to blast those who dared to look upon it," again burst forth Elverton.

"He hastened from the house, which he has never entered since."

"For he had better walk on red-hot ploughshares than tread the paving-stones of those halls!" exclaimed Elverton, fiercely.

Then, after a few minutes' silence, he inquired:

"What have you heard of him since?"

"Nothing, my father, except this significant fact, that, within one fortnight after his fatal visit, his nut-brown hair turned as white as snow!"

"No doubt, no doubt, but will his scarlet sin ever be so white?—can time or sorrow or repentance bleach that?" muttered Elverton, speaking rather to himself than to his daughter.

Alma did not at once reply; a feeling of deep humiliation kept her silent for awhile, and then a sense of religious duty urged her at last to say:

"I know not of what sin you speak, my father; but this I have—Scripture warrant for believing that, though the sin be 'as scarlet,' it may be made, by repentance, as 'white as snow!'"

"Let him settle it with Heaven, then, as he must ere very long! but as for *me*—let me never see his face again! Come, child, our interview is over. Arise and walk on; I will follow you until I see you in sight of the north gate, and then leave you," said Hollis Elverton, stepping aside to give her the path and then going after her.

They went up the narrow wooded path in silence. When they reached the top of the hill, and came in sight of the north gate, Mr. Elverton paused, and said:

"I need go no farther; hurry home; but meet me here an hour earlier than this to-morrow evening. Good night."

"Good night, my father," said Alma, extending her hands imploringly towards him.

But he shook his head, waved his hand, plunged into the wood, and was soon lost to her view.

She looked wistfully after him for a little while, and then turned slowly, and with downcast eyes, to walk towards the house.

The full moon was shining broadly on her path, when suddenly its light was intercepted.

Alma raised her eyes to see the tall, dark figure of Captain Montrose standing before her, with folded arms, frowning brows, and scornful lips.

We have observed before this that Norham Montrose, in mould of form and cast of features, was the very counterpart of his elder brother, but in every other respect he was as different from him as the night from the day. Malcolm, it may be remembered, was as fair as a Dane, with light hair, blue eyes, and a sanguine complexion; he was also frank, generous, and confiding. Norham, on the contrary, was as dark as a Spaniard, with raven-black hair and burning black eyes; he was, besides, reserved, jealous, and suspicious.

Alma, conscious of these darker traits in his character, fearing their effects upon himself and her, yet loving him despite of danger, shivered with the presentiment of coming evil when she saw him standing before her so silent, still, and stern.

"Norham," she faltered faintly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elverton; I hope I have not prematurely interrupted a pleasant *tête-a-tête*," he replied, sarcastically, his black eyes flashing and his proud lip curling.

Alma understood all now. He had seen her father walking with her in the wood, and had mistaken Hollis Elverton for a favored suitor. And Alma, bound by her promise, dared not explain the circumstance, and under such conditions could not hope to re-assure her jealous lover. A consciousness of her false position bowed her fair head upon her bosom, dyed her delicate cheek with blushes, and invested her whole manner with the appearance of conscious guilt. Her heart sank within her bosom, and she could not reply.

He looked at her for a moment in scorn and anger—the fierce scorn and anger of wounded love and jealousy, and then saying—"I will no longer intrude upon your privacy, Mis Elverton; good evening," he lifted his hat, turned upon his heel, and strode away.

"Stay, stay, Norham; do not leave me in a fatal error!" cried Alma, breaking the spell that had bound her faculties, and springing forward.

He paused and looked wistfully towards her for a moment, then strode back to her side, and answered, still very haughtily:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elverton, if I have wronged you even in my thoughts, but our mutual relations assuredly warrant me in feeling some surprise and displeasure at finding you in these woods, walking with a strange man as you have so often walked with me, and certainly justify me in demanding some explanation of so strange a proceeding on your part."

"And because I have been so indiscreet as to wander here with you, do you really suppose that I could be so faultless as to walk here with another?" said Alma, in a mournful voice.

"I have assuredly very good reason to think so," replied Norham, sarcastically.

"Yes, it is true; by coming here to meet you I have given you good reason for thinking me capable of any degree of indiscretion," said Alma, with sorrowful self-humiliation.

"Miss Elverton, I meant not that, as you know very well; I meant not to reproach you with your innocent rambles with me, your betrothed husband, who would die rather than offer you any offence. 'The good reason' which I have for thinking that you favor others is the evidence of my own senses. I *saw* you, Miss Elverton, walking here in close conversation with a stranger; and your answer appears to me very like a mere evasion of the explanation I must still demand," he said, haughtily, keeping his stern eyes fixed upon her face with the look of a man having authority to arraign her conduct.

What explanation could poor Alma give? How could she answer his doubts? How soothe his jealousy? She dropped her clasped hands, and moaned with distress.

"I wait your answer, Miss Elverton."

Alma wrung her hands and remained silent.

"When I was about to withdraw from your presence you recalled me; if not to volunteer the explanation that I seek, will you be kind enough to say for what other purpose?"

"Oh, Norham, be patient! do not misconceive me! I called you back to say to you that—that——"

"Well?"

"I came to the wood this afternoon in the hope of seeing you and speaking with you after so long an absence."

"And met instead the lover that consoled you during my absence; but of whom perhaps you are tired now—that was very awkward while you were expecting to see me. Pray, Miss Elverton, have you given him also the promise of your hand as soon as you shall be of age and free to bestow it?" sneered the man.

"Oh, Norham! Norham! do not be so unjust to me! The person that I met this afternoon is no lover of mine; quite, quite the contrary! He is one who never could, under any possible circumstances, become one."

"And yet you were in very close confabulation when I first observed you. It really looked to me like an interview between very intimate friends."

"And yet, indeed, I never set eyes on that person in all my life before."

"You never set eyes on him before?" repeated Norham Montrose, in astonishment.

"On my word, on my honor, on my *soul*, no!" replied Alma, with vehement earnestness.

"Who was he, then?" inquired Norham Montrose, as the dark scowl of jealousy vanished from his brow.

Alma hesitated, reflected a moment, and then answered:

"He was an elderly gentleman, not familiar with this part of the country, I believe."

"What was his name?"

"I did not ask his name, of course; and neither do I think that he told me; nay, indeed, I am sure that he did not."

"Or if he did, you have forgotten it, perhaps. But what was he, then?"

"I did not ask him that question either, nor did he volunteer the information."

"But from your own observation, what did you make of him?"

"An elderly gentleman, who seemed to be recently arrived in this neighborhood."

"And that was all?"

Alma bowed.

"Some tourist come to the North for the summer months, and rambling over these hills in search of the picturesque," concluded Norham, in a tone of complete satisfaction.

Alma dropped her head, blushed deeply, and burst into tears of shame.

She had not spoken one word of falsehood, and yet her truthful replies had been so carefully worded as to deceive her lover, and Alma could not endure the thought of deception.

Norham Montrose mistook the cause of her emotion, and quick to repent as he had been to offend, he looked at her sweet, suffering face for a moment, then approached, and dropped gently on his knee before her, and taking her hand, murmured:

"Dear Alma, I cannot bend too low to sue for your forgiveness; I have wronged and offended you by my mad jealousy. I have been unjust, unmanly. I am deeply grieved and mortified to think of it now. Alma, will you pardon me?"

"Dear Norham, I have nothing to pardon in you; but much, very much to thank and love you for. Please rise," she answered, in a gentle voice, as she closed her hand upon his, and tried to lift him up.

"I have been rude and violent to you, my gentle one."

"Only for a few moments, while for months and months you have been kind and loving."

"But I have wounded your delicacy, wrung your heart!"

"Well, when I have received so much good from you, shall I not receive a little necessary evil too? Can I have the rose of Love without its inevitable thorn of Jealousy? Pray rise."

"Gentlest of all gentle girls, I do indeed believe that it would be easier to wound than offend you, and far easier to wrong than to estrange your heart," said Norham, rising to his feet, and pressing her hands to his lips.

"It would indeed be most difficult for you to offend me, and quite impossible to estrange me. For even if you were to cease to love me——"

She paused, and a deep blush overspread her face.

"My own heart must first cease to beat—nay, my own soul to exist, ere I cease to love you, Alma; for my love seems the most immortal element in my immortality! Do you not believe me?" said Norham, fervently.

"Yes, I do. And trust in me also, Norham; nor for *my* sake, for, as I said before, I am willing to take the pain with the joy, but for your own, dear Norham, for it must be so distressing to suspect one that you love. And oh, Norham! consider how little cause you have to doubt me. I am not as other young ladies who have many friends and relatives to love them. I have but you only in the wide, wide world! Did I ever tell you before, Norham, that I never in my life received a caress, a word, or a glance of affection from any human creature until I met you? My very soul seemed perishing in its solitude, when your sympathy and affection came to me as the dew and the sunshine to a fading flower. You loved me and won my love! You gave me new life! Oh, is it likely, is it even possible, that my heart should ever swerve in its allegiance to its life-giver?"

"I will never doubt you again! I was a wretch to have doubted you then! Dear one, I have been so occupied with my own selfish jealousy, that I have not even inquired—How have you been during the months of my long absence?"

"Just as always. Life passes with me in such monotony, that the changes of the weather are all that I know."

"While others, your nearest neighbors, have experienced such fearful vicissitudes of fortune that their daily lives have passed more like the successive acts in some dark tragedy than scenes in a real existence! My uncle's family at Allworth Abbey! Oh, Heaven, Alma! what a fatality was there! The whole family swept from the face of the earth in a few short months!"

"Alas, yes! Oh, Norham, you must know how deeply I sympathize with you in this great sorrow! I should have said so before, but your own personal trouble engaged all my attention."

"My abominable jealousy, you should say;

but let that pass. Alma, I was not as intimate as my brother Malcolm was with my uncle's family; and if they had all gone off in a natural way, by a visitation of Providence, as it is called, I should not have grieved more for them than men usually grieve for uncles, aunts and cousins. But to think that they should have been destroyed by a fiend in the shape of a girl——" said Norham, shuddering.

"Ah! to whom do you refer?" inquired Alma.

"To whom, but to that serpent whom they warmed at their hearth-stone until she had life enough to sting them to death! To whom but to that Indian cobra, Eudora Leaton? Eudora Leaton, a name destined to become notorious with those of Borgia, Brinvilliers and Lafarge!"

"You feel certain of her guilt, then?"

"Certain? Yes! Would it were not so! would that there were a rational doubt of it! For if there were I should dare to hope that, though the old House should become extinct, it need not die in blood and shame!" said Norham Montrose, bitterly.

"Then why not entertain that hope! There is nothing but circumstantial evidence against Eudora Leaton, and such evidence is proverbially fallacious."

"It cannot be in this case. The evidence is complete, conclusive, convicting! No one can doubt that the issue of her trial will be condemnation to death! And all that I have left to hope is, that the last Leaton of Allworth will have the grace to die by her own hand in the prison, rather than become a spectacle to the gaping crowd."

"But, Norham, *I* do not think that she is guilty, and I pray and hope and trust that she may be proved innocent, as from my soul I believe her to be!"

"That is because you cannot conceive iniquity like hers, as Heaven forbid you should, sweet saint! And now, dear Alma, you must leave me, and go home immediately. In my selfish love, I have wronged you in keeping you out so late. And now, to atone for that injury, I must tell you something that, in your innocence, you would never find out yourself—something that will effectually arm you against me——"

"Then do not tell me at all! For if it is anything innocence could not of itself discover, be sure it is not worth discovering. And as to its arming me against you, dear Norham, I cannot consider you an enemy, and therefore do not wish to be armed."

"Yet, nevertheless, I will arm you with this knowledge of the world, which you may use, abuse, or neglect at your pleasure. Listen, then, dear Alma. Even these meetings that you accord me are so heterodox to all conventionality, that were they known they would seriously compromise your good name, and nothing, Alma, but our full sincerity of purpose to marry, as soon as you shall become of age, could justify these interviews. But, Alma, not even our betrothal will warrant you in remaining out here with me after sunset. Alma, I tell you this, that yonr own mother should have told you, because, dear one, I would not take the very least advantage of your inexperience. Therefore, dear Alma, never in future yield even to my persuasions to detain you out here after sunset. Thus, you see, while my better spirit is in the ascendant, I would warn you, arm you even against myself!"

"You are the soul of honor! If I had not known it before, I should know it now! Good night," said Alma, in a low voice.

"One more caution in parting, love! It is not usual, or even safe, for young ladies to talk with strangers whom they may casually meet in their walks. Therefore, Alma, I must pray you that the scene of this afternoon may never be repeated, and entreat you to promise me never again to fall into conversation with any stranger whom you may meet in your rambles."

Norham Montrose paused and waited for her answer.

Alma hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"I promise you, Norham, never to hold conversation with any one in my walks except yourself, or some blood relation of my own, or some servant of our family. I think that my promise covers the whole ground!"

"It does, it does, dear Alma. Good night. Meet me here to-morrow afternoon, somewhat earlier than this—two hours earlier—at about six o'clock. Until then, good-bye, dearest Alma."

And before she could reply, or object to the hour named, he raised her hand to his lips, bowed, and disappeared in the depths of the woods.

She remained for an instant transfixed with consternation at the thought that he had unconsciously appointed for their next interview the very spot and the very hour at which she had promised to meet her father.

Her first impulse was to fly after Norham, call him back, and name another afternoon, but the fear of again arousing his jealous suspicions restrained her. A little reflection also convinced her that, though she might defer the meeting, she could not prevent Norham from haunting the wood to be near her. How to deliver herself from this dilemma, how to escape from the dangers that threatened her, Alma understood not.

If she rendered herself at the appointed time and place she would find herself confronted with her father and her lover.

If she broke her appointment and remained at home, Hollis Elverton and Norham Montrose, coming thither at the same time to seek her, would be confronted with each other.

What, in any case, would be the result Alma feared to think.

Full of distress and perplexity, she turned her steps homeward.

She entered the house just as the hall-clock was striking eight.

"Mees Alma, I been seeking for you all over ze house. Miladie, your movver, desire you come to her direct," said old Madelon, meeting Miss Elverton at the foot of the great staircase.

"My mother! my mother sent for me! Are you very sure of this, Madelon?" inquired Alma, in great surprise, for she had never in her life before been summoned to her mother's presence.

"Vat sood make me no sure? Miladie tell me, 'Madelon, send Meess Elverton to me soon as she come in from her valk in de garden,'" said the old woman.

"Very well, Madelon; I will go to my mother directly," replied Alma, as, lost in astonishment, she hurried up the stairs towards those private apartments into which she had never in her life been admitted, and where she had never dared to intrude.

She paused before the door, and knocked softly.

The deep, rich, vibrating voice of the lady bade her enter.

Alma opened the door, crossed the enchanted threshold, and stood within the heretofore prohibited apartments.

The room in which she found herself was one of the most lofty and spacious in the mansion. It was the front one of a magnificent suite of apartments, that had been splendidly fitted up for the first reception of Mrs. Elverton as a bride. It was situated directly over the drawing-room, and had a large bay-window that commanded a view of the terraced lawn and the beautiful lake. But that window was now closed, and the room was lighted up for the night. It was sumptuously furnished. A Turkey carpet of the most brilliant colors covered the floor. The chiffoniers, stands, tables, chairs, and even all the frames and wood-work were of rosewood and gold, giving the *tout ensemble* a peculiarly rich effect. The coverings of the chairs, footstools and sofas were all of crimson satin and gold.

The curtains at the windows were also of crimson satin and gold, with inner hangings of fine lace. The walls were lined with splendid mirrors, reaching from ceiling to floor, and multiplying a hundred-fold the scenery of the room. The whole was brilliantly lighted up by a chandelier that hung from the centre of the ceiling.

In the midst of all this glitter of light and glow of color, in a luxurious chair, beside an elegant table, sat a lady, who, under any circumstances, or from any spectator, must at once have riveted the closest attention.

She was apparently about thirty-five years of age, of a tall, justly-proportioned, stately figure, around which flowed the rich folds of a crimson velvet robe. Her features were of the purest classic type. Her complexion was deadly pale, in contrast with her large, dark eyes, jet-black eyebrows, and raven-black hair, that lay in heavy shining bands upon her marble cheeks.

"Come hither, Alma," she said, in that rich, deep, luscious voice which ever thrilled the bosoms of all who heard it.

Alma approached, and stood before her mother. Her heart beat fast; she eagerly hoped for some demonstration of affection on the part of the lady. Vain hope!

Mrs. Elverton took from the table beside her a sealed packet, and holding it in her hand while she spoke, she said:

"Alma, I have sent for you to entrust you with a secret mission, to which I think you will be faithful."

"Oh, mamma, how happy you make me by trusting me! Oh, yes, I would be faithful unto death in any matter you should confide to me!" said Alma, fervently.

"Enough. I believe you. To come to the point. I have just heard that that unhappy girl has been re-arrested and committed to prison. I have the strongest reasons for believing her to be innocent, though in great peril. These, my private reasons, it is not necessary to divulge, since they would have no weight with judge or jury. But I have the deepest interest in the acquittal of that girl, and in the discovery, if possible, of the real criminal. I fear that, though a wealthy heiress, Eudora Leaton is without available funds to engage the best counsel, which is always very expensive. Therefore, Alma, I wish you, to-morrow morning, to take the close carriage, drive over to the prison, and place this packet in Eudora Leaton's hands. Tell her it is to be used in her defence, and is sent by one who has as deep a stake in her trial as she has herself. But do not tell her from whom it came. Do you understand me?" said the lady, placing the packet in the hands of her daughter.

"Yes, mamma, and I will faithfully do your errand."

"Go, then."

"Mamma, will you not embrace me for this once in our lives?" pleaded Alma, holding out her arms.

"Go! go! go! go, girl, and leave me. Is this the advantage you would take of the very first visit I permit you to my presence?" exclaimed the lady, excitedly.

"Mamma, pardon me, I go; good night," said Alma, resignedly, as she withdrew from the splendid misery of her mother's private apartments.

She retired to her own chamber, full of wonder that her parents should be unconsciously so unanimous in their anxiety for Eudora Leaton's acquittal, and that she should be the confidant of this unsuspected unanimity.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

OTTO, THE MISER.

A LEGEND OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY WM. HENRY PECK.

During the close of the last century, a small sloop anchored in the harbor of St. Augustine, and three persons disembarked. One of these was a sailor of fierce and swarthy visage; another a man aged about fifty, thin and gray-haired, with stern and lowering features; and the third was a little girl scarcely four years old, but even at that early age, of unusual beauty of form and feature.

The party took possession of a stone mansion which had been uninhabited for many years, and which was somewhat isolated, though not far from the water.

That night the sloop was consumed by flames, and the sailor disappeared.

The stranger gave his name as Otto Ragard, of England, and called the child his daughter Helena. His parsimonious habits soon gained for him the nickname of Otto the Miser, and his intercourse with the citizens was scant and guarded, so that his origin and antecedents were a mystery to all.

After living upon apparently little or nothing for several years, Otto Ragard began to be known as a shrewd and avaricious money-lender, who seemed scarcely cognizant of the existence of the fairy-like girl whom he called "daughter," "dove," or "brat," as the humor suited him, and the last-named was most often upon his bitter tongue.

Twelve years had passed since Otto landed in St. Augustine, and few, if any, of the uninformed would have imagined that so fair and gentle a being as the lovely Helena, in her sixteenth year, or indeed during any period of her sparkling girlhood, was the child of the gold-greedy and evil-eyed money-lender.

Yet all this beauty of mind and person, for the possession of which all the gay gallants of the town daily prayed, had no softening influence upon the adamantine hardness of the miser's soul. He seemed to regard her rather as an incumbrance than a blessing.

How or from whom the fair Helena gained the accomplishments of as excellent an education as the place and times afforded, seemed a great mystery to many, for Otto would rather have buried her than opened his purse to pay for teaching. This mystery ceases when we inform the reader that the miser's housekeeper, the only person besides himself and daughter in the old mansion, was a lady whose age and misfortunes had not robbed her of a kind and noble disposition, and the results of former advantages.

Madame La Mothe was the teacher and almost mother of Helena.

But when the fame of his daughter's beauty began to be the boast of the city, Otto resolved that such loveliness should not fail to add to his money-bags, and for that reason scrutinized each worshipping gallant with the same keen consideration which he was wont to bestow upon his money securities; so that Helena suddenly found herself the object of a solicitude as unpleasant and unexpected as it was avaricious.

One evening Otto, upon returning to his house after a short stroll along the quay, was surprised to see Helena hand in hand with a young and handsome seaman, whose distinction of air and dress showed that he was an officer of no mean rank.

"Some new gallant," muttered Otto, as he paused and gazed upon the pair from behind a ruined and grass-grown wall.

He turned his face towards the harbor, and instantly noticed an American sloop-of-war riding gracefully at anchor.

"Ho! He comes from that vessel—the Roamer. She was here six months ago, and I lent a sum of money to her captain. This fellow sports a captain's epaulet, too, yet he cannot be her officer. I must look more closely."

Thinking thus, he bent his cold and scowling gaze to the ground, and crept to a spot where he could hear but not see the youthful couple.

Then he heard as follows:

"You are sure, then, dear Helena, that your father will not favor my suit?"

The tones were deep and manly, though modulated to a lover's persuasive pathos, and Otto started in his hiding-place as he gasped:

"If he were not at the bottom of the sea, years ago, I could swear it was James Merson who speaks!"

"I am sure of it, dear James," replied Helena, with melancholy emphasis. "My father, after having neglected if not despised me for years—yes, from infancy—now looks upon me as a most precious thing."

"He is right, my Helena," exclaimed the officer, eagerly. "You are a pearl beyond all price."

"Your estimate and that of my father, though equally flattering to me, James, do not spring from the same cause. Yours, I know, and am happy in knowing, arises from the fondest and purest love; but his—he values me as he values a lifeless gem—because he hopes and schemes to make money by me. He wishes to sell me."

"To sell you, Helena!"

"It amounts to the same thing, James. He has offered me in marriage to any one who will pay him a thousand golden doubloons."

"And I would give thrice ten thousand for thee, my Helena," cried the officer, "yet have not in all the world so much as one third of the sum he demands. But you will not consent to this barbarous deed, Helena?"

"What can I do, dear James? You know that I will not consent, yet I am powerless, and you do not know what a fierce and relentless man my father is in his rage. Ah, I have seen him wring the souls of his poor debtors to agony that he might extort the last crust from their lips, though that crust should bring him but a penny."

"Rare daughter, this one of mine!" muttered Otto, grinding his toothless gums with rage. "She shall suffer for that speech."

"Helena," said the officer, firmly, "we have known each other now for more than a year, and though, during all that time, I have been often away, I think I am right in saying that you have all confidence in me. Six months ago, when the Roamer was here, and I too ill to appear on shore, I sent you word by my first officer, who then acted as captain, that for you I would leave the sea forever, and with what fortune I had make us a home in my native Virginia. You would not fly with me then, will you go with me now?"

"Yes, dear James," replied Helena, 'for to remain would be my lifelong misery. He cannot reproach me for the act, for I do it to save my happiness, perhaps my life, since death itself can never force me to wed where I could only hate."

"Then, as the moon begins to lift, dear Helena, meet me upon the quay below, not a stone's throw from here. The moon will rise near midnight. Once on board the Roamer, and we may defy St. Augustine to separate us. And so, till then, farewell."

"He crows well. I must see his crest," muttered Otto, as he crouched near a heap of stones by which the officer was to pass on his return to the quay.

Otto gained his desire, and almost shrieked as his eyes rested upon the face he had longed to see.

It was a handsome and noble face, full of honor and manliness, yet Otto Ragard gasped for an instant in terror as it was borne by, carried on by a steady and haughty stride—the stride of a man of rectitude and power.

"It cannot be James Merson," thought Otto, as he gazed after the officer, "for he is dead; but it is his living image. Helena called him James—James who? Such a resemblance cannot be accidental. He who died left a son—a mere lad—at home, when he sailed upon his last cruise. This officer must be that son grown to manhood. I am not safe while he lives, since he loves Helena. Perhaps it were safer for me to stand aside, and let this plot go on, and so be rid of Helena, and of him, too, for he will scarcely return after this intended exploit. But then I shall lose the thousand doubloons promised by the lately arrived French count for her hand! No; I will win the doubloons, and satisfy that craving for revenge which the death of that fellow's father failed to satiate."

He crept back into his house, and after an hour of scheming self-counsel, snarled his villainous thoughts aloud:

"Let the girl meet him. I am old, but can aim a carbine yet. It is no crime in the eye of the law for a father to slay the abductor of his daughter, especially if the slaying be done in the heat of passion. I shall be concealed upon the quay—I may well spare a few dollars to win both gold and revenge—a few of the desperate rascals rotting on the town for want of such work, shall be with me. In slaying the son, I shall feel as if slaying the father, whom he so terribly resembles. Ah, I should now be well made up had I Dick Sharkey in my power as I soon shall have young James Merson. Dick Sharkey! For twelve years I have heard nothing of him. He robbed me the night we burned the sloop, and fled. But he carried away a bag of silver, thinking it gold. Good! He cheated himself, and rid me of him at the same time!"

Helena, unconscious of the malign influence plotting within her plot, awaited the appointed hour with eager impatience.

She felt no qualm of conscience in leaving the house of such a sire, and Madame La Mothe applauded her design, and promised to aid her, and even to escape with her.

It was near the midnight hour when Helena and the old housekeeper sallied forth, leaving, as they imagined, the miser fast asleep in his strong-room—for it was his custom to sleep amid his beloved money bags.

The distance between the house and quay was soon traversed, and as the moon began to loom from the horizon with pale and yellow gold, Helena darted swiftly forward to meet a form which seemed hurrying from the water to meet her.

At that instant the report of a single carbine broke upon the deep silence, to be followed by the shrill command of the ambushed miser, as he sprang from a coil of rope upon the quay:

"Fire! Sweep the quay!"

Then followed a close volley from half a dozen ambushed muskets, and the form Helena sprang to meet tossed up its arms and fell forward upon its face.

"You are caught, treacherous girl!" exclaimed Otto, as he grasped the terrified Helena. "You are caught, and your lover is dead!"

But even while he spoke a strong arm grasped him and hurled him to the ground; when he panted beneath the foot of his assailant to hear the voice of the man whom he meant to slay shout:

"At them, lads! Scatter these rascals, and look after Dick Sharkey!"

It was Captain Merson who spoke, and the form upon the quay was that of Dick Sharkey, who had been the first to hurry forward, not to meet Helena, but to hasten upon some intent of his own.

Otto's desperadoes were no match for the lusty Yankee sailors of the Roamer, and scarcely pausing to glance upon the shouting tars, fled pell-mell for the safety of the town.

Captain Merson recalled the pursuit, and with one arm around Helena's waist and the other dragging the trembling miser after him, soon stood near the prostrate Dick Sharkey whom two men were raising to a sitting posture.

"Who is this whom I have here?" said Merson, as he drew the miser into the light streaming from a boat's lantern, gazing upon his captive's face for the first time.

"I am Otto Ragard—Helena's father—and you shall pay dearly for this outrage!" screamed the miser.

"It is a lie!" cried Dick Sharkey, supporting himself upon his right arm, while his left hand stole to his belt. "You are John Granton—you know me? I am Dick Sharkey, once second mate of the Fanny Clare, of which James Merson—now dead—was captain, and you first mate. You have done for me at last John Granton, as you have done for many a better man before me, but I have life enough to tell all. I fled from you and fate has brought me back. Capt. Merson, some twelve years ago your father was murdered at sea—there stands his assassin. The Fanny Clare had cleared from Rio with some two hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver—the property of your father and his partner, then on board—his name was Herbert—Thomas Herbert—the gold was partly the proceeds of a late cargo and partly the funds of the house of Merson & Herbert, in Rio—your father's partner was the merchant and he the sailor of the firm. This man, John Granton, raised a mutiny, and your father and his partner, with others, were killed in their beds—I am going fast and must say I was one of the slayers—we sold the Fanny Clare in Cuba, and all the mutineers, but Granton and I, stayed there. He and I bought a little sloop, and with fully two thirds of the specie, made this port. Here we burned the sloop and I fled, being scared by a dream, in which the murdered captain told me of my fate. John Granton killed your father, Captain Merson. Thomas Herbert had a little daughter aboard—Helena was her name. The little girl we brought to St. Augustine, and Granton said he would pass her off for his daughter—he taking the name of Otto Ragard—that's all—and now, John Granton, as you are too lucky for me to die and leave you to escape the law, take Dick Sharkey's last blessing!"

As he spoke he discharged a pistol into the breast of Otto and fell back to die within the minute, with a grin of diabolical triumph distorting his gory features.

Otto lived long enough to confess all that Sharkey had accused him of, and acknowledged that Helena was Thomas Herbert's daughter.

Terrified to unspeakable agony by the approach of death, he sought to make all the reparation in his power, by leaving Captain Merson and Helena joint heirs of his immense hoards. He died, and was long remembered in St. Augustine as Otto the Miser, who was slain upon the quay; while Madame La Mothe, the silent character of this sketch, lived thrice as long, an honored guest in the hospitable home of Captain Merson and his gentle wife, the fair Helena.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

> The poor-house!
> The last retreat of poverty, save one—
> The grave, our common heritage. OLD PLAY.

We perfectly recollect that in our boyish days we never could pass the poor-house in our native city without an involuntary shudder. It was both a mystery and a terror to us. We could not exactly comprehend who or what the aged creatures were whom we occasionally saw, clothed in the same dull gray, gliding like shadows under the moss-grown archway; for the building had been a conventual one, belonging to the order of white friars. By this time, doubtless, it has disappeared—at least, we trust it has—and the well-ventilated modern union supplied its place.

At church, too, our eyes would wander from the pulpit to the gallery in which the paupers sat—row after row of withered faces, which, somehow or other, we connected with the heads quaintly sculptured in the groinings of the chancel roof; their expression, or, rather, the absence of it, appeared the same—cold, lifeless, and granite-like.

The effect was all the more singular from there being no children with them. They had their sittings in one of the transepts of the church, out of sight of our family pew.

Although years—we shall not gratify an idle curiosity by confessing how many—have passed since we first received these impressions, they linger partially with us still, for if the poor-house is no longer a terror, it remains a mystery, a romance, an epic yet to be written—its action the passions of life stirred from its dregs, almost from its ashes. What countless wrecks of hopes, feelings, joys, and sorrows, must be garnered within its walls! The ghastly dreams that flicker, like corpse-lights, through the worn brains of the inmates of a single ward would make the poet's or the painter's fame, could they depict them truthfully. What pictures of suffering, selfishness, folly, regrets, crime, and, possibly, of heroism—of lives passed in toiling for others, of self-sacrifice repaid by ingratitude and neglect, would they not produce!

It would be a work of supererogation to inscribe the famous *Lasciate Esperanza* of Dante over the door of the poor-house. Those who enter it have long since laid aside hope.

"Have you a female pauper named Ann Betts in the house?" demanded Mr. Pry of the porter, who, comfortably ensconced in his great easy chair, was reading a newspaper.

"It ain't visiting day," grumbled the man, without raising his eyes from the journal, for he felt annoyed at being disturbed.

The inquirer saw at once the kind of person he had to deal with, and quietly took the journal from his hands.

"You are either deaf, stupid, or impudent," he observed. "That is not an answer to my question."

"I admire your talking of impudence," exclaimed the porter, angrily, and at the same time starting from his seat, which Mr. Pry coolly took.

"Well!" ejaculated the speaker, indignation preventing his uttering more.

"Answer me, fellow!" said the visitor, sternly. "Have you a female pauper named Ann Betts in the house? I demand to be informed *officially*."

The word "officially" produced the effect intended—it mystified the parish officer, who came to the conclusion that the speaker was either some very great personage, or one of the most insolent rascals he had ever met with—in his own mind he had not decided which.

"Please, Mr. Keeble," said a lean, hungry-looking lad, one of the pauper inmates, "it is old Nan, in the nusses' ward, the gentleman is a askin' for."

The porter knew this quite as well as the speaker, but his dignity had been insulted, and he relieved his feelings by cuffing the boy soundly for his officiousness.

He was obliged to vent them somewhere.

"When you have done beating the lad," observed Mr. Pry, "send the master to me."

"*Send* the master to you!" repeated the man, with the utmost surprise; "*send* him?—I think you said *send* him to you?"

In the eyes of his subordinate, the master of the poor-house was a great man—a very great one, whom even the guardians treated with respect. They would not have taken the liberty of sending for him, unless upon a board day.

Mr. Pry nodded in the affirmative. Having assumed an air of importance, he was determined to keep it up.

"He don't look much like a gentleman," thought the porter, as he disappeared; "but I suppose he is one, or he would never be so insolent."

No bad commentary on the manners of the day.

"There, boy," said the agent of Mr. Parfit, throwing him a shilling; "there is a plaster for the hard blows you received."

The pauper grinned with delight, and eagerly assured the gentleman that he did not mind it, and expressed his readiness to "take more nor that any day for *tuppence*."

Mr. Pry came to the conclusion that he had been over liberal, and, like a prudent man, thought to get his money's worth by questioning him.

"And so you know Ann Betts?" he observed.

"Yes, sir; she be a long time in the house—but we calls her old Nan."

"Indeed!"

"I wor borned here, and it's my belief——"

As the money-lender's clerk cared very little where the interesting individual he was pumping had first drawn breath, and, if possible, still less what were the articles of his belief, he cut short the exposition by asking him if the aged woman he came to see had lost her memory.

"I don't know what that be," replied the lad, opening his eyes very wide, for the word memory was a hard one; "but she aint lost her *rheumatiz*."

"Indeed!"

"No; it be mortal bad in winter."

"Does she talk much?"

"Don't she?" ejaculated the pauper, with a second edition of his most original grin. "I only wish you could hear all about a kernal—I think that's what she calls him—as is a comin' from Ingia with loads of money to take her out of the workus, and make a lady on her. But nobody don't *beleif* it, and the nusses only laughs at her."

"Do you know the colonel's name?" inquired the gentleman.

The boy stood cudgelling his brains for several instants to recollect it.

"Mord—Mord—somethin'!" he muttered.

"Mordaunt, perhaps," suggested Mr. Pry, who recollected to have posted letters to India for a person of that name.

"That be it," exclaimed his informant; "that be it."

The clerk of Mr. Parfit no longer regretted his liberality. He had obtained the worth of his shilling.

The master and porter of the poor-house now made their appearance—the former looking as if he felt greatly annoyed at the free and easy manner he had been sent for. His dignity was wounded, for he was not only second cousin to an alderman, but had married the niece of a common councilman, both very great personages in the City.

"This is very extraordinary conduct, sir," he began, the instant he entered the hall; "sending for me; I don't exactly understand it. Perhaps I was wrong to come. You will explain the meaning of it, sir."

The clerk had not been so many years in the money-lender's office without acquiring a certain facility in reading character, and he perceived at once the pompous ignorance of the man he had to deal with—that he must browbeat, overawe him, or fail in the object of his visit. Had he risen from the chair he had so impudently taken possession of, or shown the slightest hesitation, he would have been defeated.

"Ah! you want to know who I am?" he replied.

"Of course I do."

"Why didn't you say so at first?" demanded Mr. Pry.

Drawing from his pocket an old mortgage deed, which fortunately he had with him, he held the side with the stamp and seals full in the face of the master of the poor-house. "That's who I am," he added, solemnly.

The man was fascinated, puzzled, and looked very much like a fowl before whose beak some embryo philosopher has drawn a broad chalk line. Many of our juvenile readers, we doubt not, have tried the experiment.

"You understand?"

The parish official muttered a few words indistinctly.

"Chancery!"

A light seemed to break suddenly upon the bewildered brain of the master, and completely subdued him. Chancery, in the days of George IV., was much more terrible than at present, and he doubted not but the insolent intruder was an officer of that redoubtable court.

"You are aware of our privileges," continued Mr. Pry, pursuing his triumph; "you have read them, probably, in Magna Charta, chapter *De Lunatico Inquirendo*."

The Latin completed his dupe's submission.

"Yes, certainly, sir. I have read of your privileges."

"Impudence must be one of them," ejaculated the porter, mentally.

"You will conduct me to the ward where Ann Betts is placed," said the wily agent, with a ludicrous assumption of official dignity.

"Directly, sir."

"I am delighted to meet with so intelligent a person," observed the pretended Chancery messenger.

The master bowed; he had received some salve for his wounded pride.

"But your porter, my dear sir, is an ass—a positive ass," observed Mr. Pry; "you must be terribly plagued by his stupidity. Keeble," he continued, turning to the crest-fallen official, the terror of all the pauper boys and the despot of the casual poor-ward, "do you think you have sufficient intelligence to procure me a hackney coach?"

"I dare say I have," growled the man.

"Do so, then."

"If the master orders me."

"Of course I order you," said his superior.

"Mind you take the number, Keeble," added the pretended officer of the High Court of Chancery. "I am very particular in having some one to recollect the number for me."

The taking of the number was almost an unnecessary stroke of policy, a gilding of the gold—brass might have been a more appropriate word, but then it would have destroyed the simile—so completely had the speaker hoodwinked the poorhouse authorities by his blustering manner, and the imposing airs he gave himself.

On entering the ward, the master and the wily agent found the inmates in a state of considerable excitement. The boy who had been soundly cuffed in the hall by the porter, had given information that the "kernal old Nan talked on had really come from the Ingies." The females doubted him till he produced the shilling; on seeing that, they were capable of believing anything.

The instant she beheld the visitor, a little old woman, with a shrewd expression of countenance, advanced to meet him.

It was the person he sought.

She paused within a few feet of Mr. Pry, and peered into his countenance anxiously.

The gentleman drew forth a memorandum-book, and pretended to consult it. The only account written in it was a tavern score.

"Your name is Ann Betts, I believe?"

"It is, sir."

"Formerly nurse or servant in the family of Colonel Mordaunt."

"Nurse, sir."

"'Tis well; you must get yourself ready to accompany me."

"Has he arrived? Has my dear master really arrived at last?" exclaimed the woman, nervously, the tears at the same time trickling down her wrinkled face. "You are not deceiving me. I have prayed for his return—lived for it," she added, "and you would not be so cruel as to trifle with my feelings."

"The officers of the High Court of Chancery never trifle with any one," observed Mr. Pry, with dignified gravity.

"Certainly not," said the master.

"Chancery! that's law; something to do with justice, isn't it?"

The two gentlemen shrugged their shoulders, and regarded each other as if in pity at her ignorance.

"Of course it is."

"I am quite ready to tell all I know," muttered the aged pauper. "It has weighed upon my heart long enough, but it wasn't my fault."

"I trust not, my good woman, I trust not," replied the dissembler, in a patronizing tone.

"My master will believe me," added the woman; "he knows I never deceived him yet. But you haven't answered my question; has he arrived?"

"He has."

Ann Betts clasped her hands in silent thankfulness, and would have fallen, had not one of the female paupers sustained her.

"I am about to take you to see him," added Pry.

The porter now came bustling into the ward to say the coach was ready.

A coach! poor old Nan, as her companions in poverty called her, going away in a real coach—how they envied her!

The aged woman's toilet did not require any great length of time to make—in a very few minutes she was ready.

"Give her your arm, Keeble," said the pretended Chancery official, "and lead her carefully down the staircase."

The cool, authoritative tone in which the order was given subjugated him, and the humiliation of the porter was complete. He, the second authority in the poor-house—the man who wore gold lace upon his hat on Sundays and board days—actually gave his arm to a pauper, as he was bid. It was the last drop of bitterness, and the cup was filled to overflowing.

Nearly an hour had elapsed after the departure of Mr. Pry and the nurse, before the discomfited parish officer recovered sufficient composure to resume the perusal of the newspaper. The advertisements met his eye—first Mrs. Page's, then the Indian army agent's—ten, fifty pounds reward! A horrible conviction fell upon him—he had been bamboozled, robbed!

"Ridiculous!" said his superior, to whom he imparted his suspicions. "The gentleman was every inch a gentleman. *Connected as I am*, do you think he could impose upon me?"

The question proved a most unlucky one for the speaker, and saved Mr. Keeble from many a stern proof in after years.

Something very like a doubt began to rise in the mind of the master, although he considered it beneath his dignity to confess it.

"You are a poor simple creature," he added, "to be led away by such fancies. To satisfy yourself, you had better apply for the promised reward."

"I will, sir."

"Call old Peters—he can keep the door; but mind, if anything should turn up, we divide it, Keeble."

"Certainly, sir."

Never had the porter of Shoreditch poorhouse been known to dress himself in so short a time; in less than a quarter of an hour he was in the street, and within the hour, panting and out of breath, at the office of Messrs. Burns and Bingham, the army agents.

No sooner had he pronounced the name of Ann Betts, than the senior partner invited him into his private room.

"You call in consequence of our advertisement, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"And can inform us where the person, whose address we are anxious to discover, can be found?"

"Yes; that is, I could inform you."

"Do you doubt our respectability?" demanded the gentleman. "We are not in the habit of denying our obligations, moral or legal ones."

"It isn't that, sir," replied the porter; "the fact is, she has been taken away from the house."

"Taken away."

"This morning, by an officer—at least, he said he was an officer from the High Court of Chancery."

A shade of vexation passed over the countenance of Mr. Burns. His first impressions were that his visitor was deceiving him, and it was not till he had described the visit of Mr. Pry to the poor-house, and the production of the old mortgage deed as his authority, that he began to understand the affair.

"The fellow was an imposter!" he exclaimed.

The hands of Keeble crisped convulsively; he had been not only insulted, but outwitted.

"Ann Betts has nothing to do with Chancery or its proceedings. The affair for which we wish to discover her is of a very different character."

"Hang me if I didn't suspect it!" observed his visitor, bitterly; "but the master was so positive. I'll find him yet," he added, "if he is in London."

"Assist us in the affair," said the head of the firm, "and you may rely upon the liberality of our client. The best step you can take," he continued, "is to place yourself unreservedly in our hands. Colonel Mordaunt will shrink at no expense."

"That's the name old Nan was always a-raving about," exclaimed Keeble, in a tone of vexation, "but no one believed her. However, sir, I think I can rely upon your word."

"You may."

"I will do so, sir."

"You possess some clue, then?"

"The number of the coach in which they drove away."

Had the speaker added that the pretended Chancery official had directed him to take it, the probabilities are Mr. Burns would have felt less sanguine. As it was, he employed one of the most celebrated Bow-street runners, who quickly discovered the driver, and brought him to the office.

The man's story appeared most probable. He recollected perfectly having driven the parties described, but he had set them down in St. Paul's Churchyard, and noticed that they walked in the direction of Doctors' Commons, and thus the trail, to use a sportingphrase, was lost.

"We have evidently to deal with a cunning fencer," observed the police officer, "but I am not baffled yet; and if the agent employed has not murdered the poor old creature——"

"I only hope he has!" exclaimed Keeble, "that's all; I should like to see him hang for it."

The wish, no doubt, was a natural one, but the gentleman from Bow-street did not join in it. He preferred the reward.

Mr. Pry had studied in too experienced a school, and was naturally too clever a personage, to leave any very palpable clue to his proceedings. Of course, they were to be traced, but the task required more than ordinary intelligence—a much stronger incentive than gain. Love or hate possibly might succeed, and it was not long before both were on his track.

As the Bow-street runner stated, he had dismissed the hackney carriage at St. Paul's, and disappeared with his companion in the neighborhood of Doctors' Commons. This was a mere ruse, for an hour later saw him seated in the back parlor of his abode in Lambeth-walk, which, at the period we are writing of, might be considered one of the outskirts of London.

The small dark eyes of Ann Betts glanced round the room suspiciously; everything looked clean and respectable—the mistress of the house exceedingly civil. Still it was not such a residence as she expected to find her former master, Colonel Mordaunt, in, and she expressed as much.

"Of course it isn't," replied her conductor; "neither are you dressed in a fitting manner to visit him. All in good time—patience, patience!"

"He must be changed, indeed, if he cares about my appearance," observed the woman.

"The colonel does not, but those who are with him may."

"When am I to see him?"

"To-morrow," answered the deceiver, "meanwhile, make yourself as comfortable as you can; my wife will do her best to extertain you; a cup of good strong tea will refresh you after your walk."

At the word tea the eyes of the nurse brightened; it was years since such a luxury had passed her lips.

"Mind and put plenty of gin in it," whispered the speaker to his better-half, who nodded assent. She evidently understood the part he expected her to act on the occasion.

The effect of the exhilarating beverage, drugged as it was by no sparing hand, became very soon apparent upon the poor aged creature, who, after the third cup, fell into a state of repose so sound, that Mr. Pry carried her up to the top back attic without waking her.

The window of the room was barred; there was a truckle bed in it, and a strong bolt upon the outside of the door.

"Now is the time to search her," he whispered. "Be careful, and, above all, no violence."

In half an hour's time Mrs. Pry rejoined her husband in the little parlor.

"Have you found it?" demanded the latter.

"No."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the fellow, in a tone of vexation. "It will be worth a hundred pounds to us, at the very least. Search again."

"Useless," replied his wife; "I examined even her stays, ripped up the hems of her petticoats; the certificate is not concealed in them."

"And yet she has it; Parfit swears he is sure she has it."

"Mr. Parfit is not always in the right," observed the woman coolly.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Aye! there are moments which contain an age
Of ecstacy, crowding life's poesy
In few brief words. Such moments gild our youth,
And age broods o'er them as o'er the memories
Of a buried love.
AUTHOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

We doubt not but, by this time, many of our readers feel a strong desire to learn something of the state of Adam Hayes; for true courage and manliness must always command the interest and respect of those who appreciate the higher qualities of human nature—the distinctions which trace the line of demarcation between the upright, honest, intellectual man, and the sensual, unprincipled being, who too frequently degrades the lofty name.

Contrary to the fears of the surgeons, fever did not accompany the reaction that, at the end of eight-and-forty hours, took place. Their patient awoke as from a dream, weak as an infant; but consciousness had returned, and the first eyes that met his gaze were those of the fair girl he had loved so long and hopelessly, bending over him with an expression of admiration and tenderness, that sent the feeble stream of life, coursing with momentary strength, through every vein.

Faintly he pronounced her name. He had murmured it a hundred times in his incoherent ravings.

"Dear Adam, you must not speak," whispered his cousin; "the doctors have forbidden it."

"*Dear Adam!*" repeated the poor fellow; "my mind must be wandering still."

He stretched forth his hand—the strong manly hand that had defended her—as if to satisfy himself that he was not dreaming. Susan gently raised it to her lips, and called him her preserver.

"It is real!" he exclaimed; "you are here, safe beneath your father's roof—safe from the villain who would have torn you from him. Thank Heaven for that! I shall soon be strong, quite strong again, and ready to protect you home, as usual."

"I shall not need it, Adam," replied the grateful girl, her eyes filling with tears.

"Ah, yes; I forgot. The theatre is closed."

"Open or closed, I return to it no more. I have dreamt my dream of folly out. It will leave many regrets—regrets at my own unworthiness; but thanks to you, no stain nor blush of shame. Adam, Adam," she added, yielding to the impetuosity of her feelings, "how can I atone for my past wickedness? how secure the good opinion I have forfeited? how repay you for preserving me?"

We shrewdly suspect that had not the speaker herself perceived a way of recompensing him, the question would not have been asked; but we refer the point to our fair readers, who, after all, must be the best judges, if not the only ones.

Poor Adam! if joy could have proved fatal, that happy hour, in all probability, would have been his last.

There are many bright, intoxicating moments in man's existence—the triumph of success—the world's applause, the gratification of an honorable ambition—the consciousness of having performed some great and ennobling action—of vanquishing difficulties or danger—but crowd them all together, then, if possible, double the satisfaction they afford, and we doubt if they can be compared with that he feels when first the lips of woman confess to him that he is beloved.

We speak of love in its purest, noblest sense; of the flame that burns brightly and unsullied to the last hour of life—not the wild passion, the *ignis fatuus* many mistake for it—the fire whose ashes corrode after their warmth has fled.

When the heart is full of happiness we know how eloquent the tongue becomes. Despite the entreaties of the blushing Susan, her cousin would speak—would pour into her ears the transports of his love and gratitude. It was useless to point out the risk he ran, to warn him to desist. As well might she have attempted to stem the torrent.

The barriers of feeling were removed, and the stream would have its course.

Susan trembled to think what the doctors would say when they arrived. To her astonishment they pronounced their patient better; declared the improvement so marked that they considered him out of danger. The lovers regarded each other and smiled.

"You will continue to exclude all visitors," said the senior surgeon, "and keep him from speaking as much as possible; conversation must be avoided, it would excite him too much; excitement of any kind is bad."

"Ay, ay, look to the lad's bruises, doctor," said the baker, with a knowing glance at his daughter; "I think you may leave the rest to Susan."

"Miss Brown is an admirable nurse," observed the gentleman, who had noticed her devoted attentions to the sufferer.

"She will keep him in order if any one can," added her father; "she always manages me."

The old man was evidently in excellent spirits at the prospect of his nephew's speedy convalescence, or, possibly, it might have been that, with the instinct of paternal love, he divined the explanation that had taken place between the beings dearest to him.

It is almost needless to observe that Harold and his friend were daily inquirers after the state of the gallant fellow who had so generously assisted in the rescue of Clara. The worthy baker found them in the little parlor when he descended from the chamber of his nephew, accompanied by the surgeons.

"Better!" exclaimed our hero. "I am certain he is better. I can read it in your countenance."

Mr. Brown shook hands with the speaker and Tom. He had taken a prodigious fancy to both the young men.

"You are right, sir," observed the doctor; "Mr. Hayes is making rapid progress to health. Caution still is necessary. The injuries were severe ones."

"Brutal, cowardly ones!" said the lover of Clara. "I can never forget," he added, gratefully, "in whose cause he received them, or sufficiently appreciate your skill."

The surgeons bowed, and the baker gave the speaker a knowing wink.

"Bless you!" he exclaimed, as soon as the medical men had taken their departure, "doctors are all very well; but it aint the doctors that have cured him."

"No!!"

"Susan has done it."

Neither of the friends inquired *how?* lovers themselves, they divined it.

"She has given up the theatre," continued the delighted father, "and all that sort of thing. I can't tell you how happy it has made me; but Adam always said, even whilst his own true heart was half broken, that hers was in the right place."

"She is indeed a noble girl," observed Tom Mayfield. "Clara speaks of her most affectionately."

"Ah! that is your intended, I suppose?"

Tom admitted the fact.

"Pity she can't follow Susan's example," continued Mr. Brown. "Poor girl, poor girl! she has a brother, too, dependent upon her."

"Clara will never dance upon the stage again," answered the young man, gravely.

"And what will become of Telbin? I think that is the name of her brother."

"He will become mine when I am married," replied Tom Mayfield, "should he recover. I am strong and willing enough to work for both."

"Recover!" repeated Mr. Brown; "is he ill?"

"Dying, I fear. No less a sorrow could have kept Clara from her friend."

Before leaving, the young men had an opportunity of judging of the sterling worth and manly independence of Susan's parent.

A carriage drove up to the door, and a gentleman, past the meridian of life, but judging from his wig and elaborate toilette, who still clung to the delusion of being young, alighted.

"There is the old dandy lord again," muttered the uncle of Adam Hayes, in a dissatisfied tone; "he calls every day."

"To inquire after your nephew, I presume?" observed Harold.

"No; hang him," replied the worthy baker; "but to offer me money to hush up the affair—money!! as if all the gold in the world could have repaid me had I lost him. I am glad you are here; I can't abide him; do you talk to him."

The Earl of Bemanoir, maternal uncle to Lord St. George, now entered the shop, and inquired after the patient. "His voice was soft, exquisitely soft," as Shakspeare says; an excellent thing in woman, but ridiculous in one of the sterner sex. Like most of the men of George IV.'s court, he affected extreme coolness, prided himself upon a self-possession nothing could ruffle.

Had humanity, or regret at the dastardly outrage of his relative, prompted his visits, one might have respected his foibles; it was the dread of ridicule that brought him.

His nephew had been taken from Brompton to the police office, bound like a calf, and attached to a common hackney carriage.

"And how is the estimable young man?" he asked.

"Likely to recover," replied Harold Mansell.

"Delighted to hear it."

"And his cowardly assailant to escape being tried for murder," added Tom Mayfield.

"Manslaughter, my dear sir. Manslaughter, at the very worst; but we will not dispute about words. I came with the most liberal intentions."

"To offer an apology for your nephew, I presume, my lord; his regret for his unmanly conduct."

"Apology!" repeated the peer—the word struck him as extremely odd—"can't say that I am commissioned to do that; not that St. George would object.

"I should think," he added, "that a sum of money——"

"Money!" interrupted the baker, with a burst of indignation; "there it is; money, in your opinion, will buy everything—manly pride, woman's honesty, even a brave fellow's blood; but it won't buy my nephew's. I told you so before. Instead of being ashamed of your precious relative, you come as if you were proud of him—add insult to injury by supposing money can atone for all. At your age, my lord—since you are a lord—you ought to know better. But wisdom don't always come with wrinkles and grey hairs; and that's the reason, I suppose," he added, "why some people take so much pains to disguise them."

Although his lordship must have suffered horribly, not a twinge, a movement of the features, betrayed the shock this speech occasioned.

He even repressed his surprise at the allusion to wrinkles and grey hairs.

Were the wigs of Trufit, the cosmetics of Le Grange, after all, a delusion?

We fear they were something like the hair-dye of the present day—perfect in all but the art of concealing art.

"It was for your daughter's sake, my very excellent person, that I spoke," observed the peer, in the same silky tone of voice. "I presume she and the young man are what is generally termed attached to each other."

"My daughter!" exclaimed the baker, warmly; "don't pollute her name by speaking it! My daughter! I am an old man, like yourself; but if you dare to insult me by supposing that money can atone for any insult offered her, hang me if I don't pitch you into the street with as little hesitation as I would a mouldy loaf."

The two witnesses to this honest burst of indignation could scarcely restrain their smiles at the no longer repressible astonishment of the noble ambassador, who came with offers of peace and met with only declarations of war.

"If there's justice to be had," continued the speaker, "and 'tis not quite banished from England, we will have it. If not, the exposure must content us. It will be some satisfaction to place your nephew's coronet in the pillory of public opinion, and the uncle's beside it."

"Really, my good man, you are rich in expletives——"

"You had better go," interrupted the indignant parent.

"I really would advise your lordship to retire," said Harold Mansell, "the feelings of Mr. Brown are strongly excited. You have quite mistaken his character; he is one of those men with whom words of repentance spoken in sincerity might do much—offers of compensation for such an injury but little."

The earl recognized the station of our hero in his language, raised his hat with formal politeness, and without uttering another word retreated to his carriage.

"That's what it is to be a real gentleman," observed the baker; "you knew how to talk to him. Money! money, indeed!"

Before taking their departure, Harold and Tom held a few minutes' conversation with Susan, whom they congratulated on her determination to quit the stage; and sent, by her, assurances of their friendship to Adam.

"Tell him," said Tom Mayfield, "that I long to congratulate him. He has won a priceless treasure, and he deserves it," he added. "Clara has told me all about his long patience and fidelity."

"And did she say nothing of my caprice and blindness," inquired her friend, blushingly.

"If she ever saw, she has fogotten them," was the gallant reply; "as all must do who have the happiness of knowing you."

"You must not flatter me," observed Susan, gravely—"you know not half the mischief flattery has occasioned me already."

On the return of the two friends to Lombard street, Harold Mansell found a note from Mr. Imray; as it was highly characteristic of the writer, we shall give it:

"My dear boy. No; I don't mean that—consider that I have run my pen through it, and read—Dear sir,—If you have nothing better to do, call upon me this evening. If you have, keep away. Yours, Z. I.

"P. S.—Bring your friend with you."

"Good news, Tom," exclaimed our hero, handing him the note; "I feel certain he has succeeded. Mr. Imray is not the man to raise false hopes. He has obtained a situation of some kind for you. I trust it will be in the city, we shall then be near each other."

"I hope, so, too," replied his friend. "My prospects look brighter; I shall be able to provide a home for my wife without being dependent upon others."

"Still harping on that theme?" observed Harold.

"I could have forgotten the reproach, had it been unjust, as soon as uttered," replied Tom Mayfield. "It was the truth of it that stung; and yet I am certain," he added, "that my dear good mother regrets having uttered it far more than I do hearing it."

The speaker fell into a fit of musing, from which his friend had some difficulty in rousing him.

"It is time to start for Mr. Imray's," he observed. "What are you dreaming of?"

"Of you!"

"Of me!"

"Yes, I owe everything to you, first my life and now the means of living. The debt is one-sided Harold, I shall never be able to balance it."

It was the first time our hero had perceived this marked sensitiveness in the speaker, and it pained him.

"And our friendship," he replied, "does that count for nothing? Am I not indebted to you for many of the happiest hours of my existence, poor Harry's escape from a cruel taskmaster, and did not my dear father love you like a son. Don't be impatient Tom," he added, "the accidents in the chapter of life are not half exhausted yet; who can tell how soon the change may arrive, and I require your aid."

"I trust you may—I only trust you may. You shall have it as freely——"

"As I have given you mine," said his friend; "without a thought of obligation on either side. Do not pain me by speaking on this subject again."

"I will not. I promise you."

The young farmer kept his word; but he thought upon it deeply.

Mr. Imray received his visitors with perfect cordiality. He was about to confer a favor, and, strange to say, for the first time for years he did it gracefully. After conversing with them for some time, especially with Tom, whose character and talents he wished to sound, he alluded to his motive for sending for them, in his own peculiar way.

"I have done a very unusual thing," he observed; "answered for the conduct and intelligence of a young man whom an hour since I had never seen. What would your prudent uncle, Sir Jasper, say?"

"I don't think his judgment upon that point would much trouble you," replied Harold.

Zac gave one of his peculiar smiles.

"I tried my city friends," he continued; "they are ready enough to oblige me, but offered nothing worth accepting, so I determined to ascertain what my political ones would do. There is the result."

He handed to Harold a warrant, appointing Thomas Mayfield, Esquire, to a clerkship in the treasury.

Never had a brighter smile appeared upon the countenance of our hero, than when he placed the paper in the hands of his friend.

"The fellow is as true as steel," muttered the old draysalter; "not one regretful thought, or feeling of jealousy."

"How can I thank you?" exclaimed Tom, greatly astonished.

Mr. Imray pointed to his friend.

"It is there your thanks are due," he said.

"And unnecessary," observed Harold; "Tom and I perfectly understand each other."

On their way home the young farmer appeared in excellent spirits; spoke of his approaching happiness with Clara—of her gratitude to our hero.

"I can burn my working dress," he observed, with a joyous laugh.

"I can suggest something better."

"Give it to one who will wear and use it?"

"Right! but first have your portrait painted in it, Tom, and present it to your wife."

The idea appeared too excellent a one not to be carried out.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

We don't altogether pin our faith on that proverb. It has rather an antique sound; but we are not certain that an old delusion is any truer than a new one! We believe that all the old-fashioned saws and sayings should be scratched out of the almanacs and spelling-books, and give us a fair chance to begin again. Seeing is not believing; if it were, we should be imposed on rather oftener than we are now, and that's often enough, in all conscience. And we religiously believe a good many things that we don't see. Women don't get so many peeps through the telescope of life as their better-halves; they are obliged to pick up their odds and ends of information through stray cracks and corners, and make the most of a very small scrap of smoked-glass at eclipse-times. Are we to believe that our neighbor Skinflint is only waiting for a pair of wings, to make a full-fledged angel, because we see him at church three times a-day? Are we to believe that times are hard because we are favored with a daily tableau of long faces and collapsed purses? How do we know how much champagne and billiards there may be behind the scenes? Don't we know that there's many and many a hypocrite who scolds his miserable wife until she thinks seriously of pen-knives and arsenic, who is yet all smiles and sweetness "before folks." O, there's no trusting to appearances, we can tell you! The sharper we women look out the better; but as to deceiving us, because we don't happen to have relays of eyes stationed in different parts of the world, it can't be done! We never saw our husbands playing the agreeable to pretty girls in the stage, and handing up their fare with angelic sweetness, just after a home thunder-storm that has left us with eyes redder than peppermint drops; but we believe they do it, nevertheless! We never saw them taking a cozy smoke, with their heels on the counter, down town, after they have solemnly promised to renounce the filthy weed and all its abominations; but when they come home pretty well scented about the whiskers and coat-collar, we are apt to believe they do it! We never saw the expression of countenance with which any two of our *very* particular female friends pile on the complimentary adjectives respecting luckless us, when they meet at the "sewin' circle;" but we know, nevertheless, that it is highly suggestive of lemon-juice and red pepper. We never saw any of our dear visitors lift up the corner of our chair-cover, to see whether it was faded velvet or fresh damask underneath, while they are awaiting our appearance, but we believe they do it, else how do the covers get so disarranged? We never saw Bridget's beau wedged in behind the kitchen door; but we rather think he is there occasionally, else how did that black pipe-stem get into our last baking of pies?

We don't know, "for sartin sure," that our especial cavalier was not, as he represents, miserable and out of spirits all the evening because we didn't accompany him to the party; but when he comes home, grinning and chuckling like a baboon, with a sprig of rose-geranium in his button-hole, which we know couldn't have been secured by any but feminine fingers, (for a man don't know the use of a pin more than a woman can ply the razor,) we believe, nevertheless, that he has had a pretty good time! And when Mr. Jones stops short in the middle of a story at the dinner-table, turns red, and flounders helplessly about in conversation, we know perfectly, although we haven't seen the conjugal operation, that Mrs. Jones has trod on his toes under the table!

Just as though a woman were to believe only what she sees! Rather too old-fashioned a doctrine that for the nineteenth century!

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

It has been a subject of remark for ages, that great men's sons, with here and there an exception, have less talent than the sons of less gifted mortals. In modern times we have had striking illustrations of this fact in the case of the sons of Napoleon, Wellington, and other great commanders, and we have no doubt that the reader will easily call to mind notable instances in this line of illustration among the sons of our own great men. It seems that no amount of cultivation can do much for one of these well-born blockheads. Lord Chesterfield lavished all manner of pains and attentions upon his son, and himself superintended his education, for the especial purpose of making him a great man, but signally failed; the assiduously cultivated youth turned out to be a mere nobody. A still more notable case was furnished by Cicero, who, in order to accomplish his son in that sort of learning which he designed him for, sent him to Athens, the most celebrated academy at that time in the world, and where a vast concourse, out of the most polite nations, could not but furnish the young gentleman with a multitude of great examples and models that might insensibly have instructed him in his designed studies. He placed him under the care of Cratippus, who was one of the greatest philosophers of the age, and as if all the books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose for him; notwithstanding all this, history informs us that Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that nature (who, it seems, was even with the son for her prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavors, and the most refined conversation in Athens. It has almost always been the "poor boys"—the sons of "common people"—who have won the great honors and prizes of life, and rendered their country illustrious.

* * *

A PERSON can scarcely be put into a more dangerous position than when external circumstances have produced some striking change in his condition, without his manner of feeling and of thinking having undergone any preparation for it.

THE MINSTREL'S HOME.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

The Minstrel's Home? The Minstrel's Home?
Where'er there's human hope or fear—
Beside the cradle with its bud—
Beside the darkling bier—
There is the Minstrel's Home!

II.

The Minstrel's Home? The Minstrel's Home?
Where'er the hand of Labor falls—
Beside the cotter's lowly hearth—
Within the lordly halls—
There is the Minstrel's Home!

III.

The Minstrel's Home? The Minstrel's Home?
Where'er the voice of Freedom cries—
Beside the patriot's flashing sword,
Or where the martyr dies—
There is the Minstrel's Home!

IV.

The Minstrel's Home? The Minstrel's Home?
Where Heaven's blue banner is unfurled—
Within the comet, sun and moon,
And over all the world—
There is the Minstrel's Home!

THE VENGEANCE OF MARION.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The scene was a spot of slightly elevated land in the midst of a deep, dark swamp, surrounded by water, and all the approaches to it guarded by quaking bogs and beds of mire, over which none might pass in safety save those familiar with the sinuous course of here and there a stratum of earth. The time was a hot afternoon in midsummer.

In the deep, dark shade of that Carolina-swamp, there was as *outre* a military collection as the exhausting war of the Revolution ever produced. There were men and horses of all ages, sizes and colors. A man, six feet three inches in stature—lank, bony and muscular—with long black hair and beard, lay stretched along the ground, his face resting on his arms, and fast asleep. A little distance from the sleeper, a stout fellow, with red hair and sandy whiskers, reclined upon his elbow, conversing with a smooth-faced youth, of small, delicate frame, who was engaged in furbishing his bugle. Groups of men, from experienced veterans down to raw recruits, were scattered about in various positions and attitudes—some examining their weapons, some overhauling and repairing bridles and saddles, some mending their ragged clothes, some cooking, some eating, some telling stories, and some lying at full length upon the ground, either ruminating, dozing or sleeping. There were a few tents and a few sheds, but nobody seemed disposed to occupy them, and scattered about, in every direction, were as many horses as men—some lying down, some dozing on their feet with heads drooping, and some lazily cropping here and there a green blade which had neither been nibbled close nor trodden into the earth. There was as little uniformity in the dress of the men as in their personal appearance—many being ragged, some nearly naked, others with tolerably decent hunting-frocks of different shades of green, and a few with garments that had evidently once belonged to British officers and soldiers. It was, take it all in all, a strange and motley collection of men and horses, numbering some sixty of either kind.

Somewhat apart from all the others, seated on the ground, with his back resting against a tree, and his head occasionally nodding, as if falling asleep unconsciously, was a small, swarthy, shrivelled up man, well verging upon fifty, who looked as if another decennary might reduce him to simply a parchment-bound skeleton. And yet on that weazen face was stamped the true nobility of soul, and with the dark, pinched features animated with some lofty purpose, and the keen, bright eyes sparkling with some glowing thought, you would have felt you were in the presence of no ordinary being. His dress in some respects designated him to be an officer, but gave little idea of his rank, and had the appearance of having been in wear a long time, and seen some very rough usage.

This personage was approached by a rough-looking man, and a slight, delicate girl, with fair face, pretty features, and uncommonly bright eyes.

"Beg pardon, General," said the man, "for disturbing you! but here's a young lady who's got something important to tell you."

The person addressed roused up with a start, and fixed his keen, penetrating eyes upon the fair stranger, who blushed, seemed a little embarrassed, and said quickly:

"It was General Marion I wished to see."

"Well, my child, I am ready to listen to anything you may have to say," was the kind and gentle reply.

"But surely," returned the girl in surprise, "you are not the great General Marion I have so often heard about! whose daring exploits are the terror of British and Tories, and the hope of all true lovers of their country!"

"Well, no, I am not the *great* General Marion, because you see I am a very *little* General Marion," replied the distinguished hero, with a low, pleasant laugh. "But, thanking you for a very pretty compliment, very prettily expressed, I beg leave to assure you I am the person you wish to see."

The girl still looked incredulous, but as one who, not wishing to doubt the statement of a gentleman, could not readily bring her mind to accept as a fact that which was so totally at variance with her preconceived ideas of a man whose exploits had been the wonder alike of friend and foe throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"Better say what you've got to say at once, Miss," suggested her conductor in a whisper, "for the General don't like to be kept waiting, and you won't find any other General Marion than him (God bless him!) if you go the world over."

"You may retire, sergeant!" said Marion. And as the man withdrew, he continued: "Now, my pretty child, you can speak as freely as to your own father."

The girl burst into tears.

"Alas!" she said, "I have no father: he fell in defence of his country."

"Where?"

"At Fort Moultrie."

"His name?"

"Richard Selden."

"I knew him. I was near him when he fell—nearly cut in half by a cannon ball: he never spoke afterward. Poor child! God bless you! what can I do to serve you?"

"Oh, dear, kind sir, I am in great distress!" sobbed the girl; "and I have come to you as my only hope."

"Say on, my child! But stay—methinks you look pale and weary. Are you not tired and faint?—hungry, too, perhaps?"

"I have walked twenty miles to-day, General, and have not tasted food since last evening; but that is nothing, if you can only aid me as I have hoped, for the mind is worse than the body."

"Well, let us attend to the body a little first, my child, and then we will try and see what we can do for the mind," said General Marion, with a kindly smile. "Pompey?"

"Yes, mas'r!" said a big black negro, starting up from beside a tree, a few paces distant, where he had been lying on his back, amusing himself by playing on his thick lips with his fingers.

"Is there anything to eat in camp, Pompey?"

"Lor' bress your soul, yes, mas'r—dar's a largem quanty ob eber so many tings—sweet taters, biled hoss—and—and—considlem chunk o' roast pig."

"Bring some of the roast pig and potatoes, Pompey, and never mind the other," rejoined Marion, with a smile. "You see, Miss Selden, our fare is rather limited in variety—but American soldiers must not be choosers in these troublous times. The best we have, however, you shall have, and long fasting is good seasoning for a poor meal. Sit down on the ground beside me, my child, for I have not even a camp-stool to offer you. Although a general, my accommodations will hardly rival those of Lords Cornwallis and Rawdon—or even the fighting dandy, Colonel Tarleton."

In this like strain he kept on talking, without giving the girl a chance to reply, till the negro brought forward the roast pig and potatoes on a couple of wooden trenchers, when, taking them from his hand, and sending him for fresh water, he urged the girl to eat, declaring he would not hear her story till satisfied she would not faint from hunger. But as soon as he found he could not persuade her to take any more, he said:

'Now, my dear child, you shall tell me your story in your own way; and if there is anything I can do for the daughter of so brave a soldier as Corporal Selden, it shall be done."

"Oh, sir, I am very grateful!" replied the girl, with deep emotion. "You talk so like a true friend, and I have had so few. And then you are the great General Marion, and knew my poor father, and would not deceive me!"

"God knows I would not, my pretty lamb!"

"Well, General," pursued the girl, "I will make my story as brief as I can, for I know your time is valuable, but I shall have to go back a little in the narration. You already know how my father died, but you probably do not know how much he was loved by my mother and his two daughters—my sister and myself—nor how much grief and misery his death brought upon us. My poor mother was never the same woman after he fell, and did not survive only a few months, leaving Clara and myself almost penniless orphans. When all our effects were sold to defray the expense of the sickness and funeral, we found ourselves without a home, and were greatly distressed for the means to live. At this juncture a step-brother of our mother offered us a home in his family, which offer we accepted with gratitude. Alas that I must add, we have had little to be grateful for of late!

"For a time all went on pleasantly; but it unfortunately chanced, at length, that the son of our host—a wild, reckless youth—fell in love with Clara, who is older and handsomer than myself, and soon began to importune her to marry him. Clara did not like the young man, and refused him in as delicate a manner as possible; but he was one of those who would take no denial, and we soon discovered his suit was backed by his parents, who almost idolize and think him perfection. Fearing to lose our home and be turned adrift upon the wide world, Clara next adopted the doubtful policy of procrastination. Thus matters continued till after the British got possession of the country, when the young man at once declared himself a Tory, and persuaded his father to do the same.

"I will not weary you with details, but simply state the principal facts. George Watson—for such is the name of the wretch I am speaking of—soon became the leader of a Tory band, and gloried in a series of wicked exploits—robbing, pillaging, and house-burning, being among the most pardonable of his crimes—all of which, I am pained to say, his parents approved of, considering his acts as worthy zeal in the Royal cause.

"While young Watson was away on one of his wicked expeditions, a planter, by the name of Marshall, living about ten miles distant, called upon the elder Watson on some business, and thus first saw Clara. He soon called again on some further business, and this time managed to exchange a few words with Clara in private, who frankly told him exactly how she was situated. Several interviews followed, but clandestine ones; and ten days ago Clara and myself secretly left our step-uncle's, to meet Mr. Marshall, to whom she was married the same evening.

"I now come to the tragic part of my story. Last night, late in the night, feeling uncommonly restless and uneasy, and the weather being very warm and close, I quietly arose and went out to an arbor in the garden. While I was there, a band of Tories, headed by Watson, suddenly surrounded the house, broke in the door, dragged out poor Clara's husband, and hung him to a tree in front of his own dwelling. They then plundered and set fire to the house, captured a few negroes, and rode off, taking Clara with them. They did not discover my retreat, and so I escaped, to be a witness against them. But, oh, my God! I suffered the agony of a hundred deaths, in being compelled to witness the horrid, horrid work of murder and devastation.

"Before they left, and while the house was on fire, George Watson, with two or three of his followers, who appeared to be officers, came down near where I was concealed; and I heard him say, that to-night, at his father's, he would force Clara to marry him, and then, in conjunction with a detachment of Tarleton's cavalry, he would hunt out and destroy the 'Swamp Fox,' as he termed your excellency, at the same time naming your present quarters, by which I knew where to seek you. As soon as all were gone, I hurried into a wood and remained till daylight, and then set off to find you. I am here now, as you see, and my prayer is that you will save my sister!"

"Poor child!" returned Marion, pityingly, with a tear standing in his eye; "poor child! Are you able to endure the fatigue of guiding us to the house of this villain Watson?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, if you will furnish me a horse."

"Then a fearful retribution shall speedily overtake the guilty!" rejoined Marion, with compressed lips.

He rose quickly, called an officer, and gave the necessary order for forty men to be in the saddle in the shortest possible time. At the head of these, accompanied by his fair guide, he was soon threading the mazes of the swamp, on his way to take signal vengeance upon evil doers.

And a terrible vengeance it was. While the inhuman marriage ceremony was in the act of taking place between a murderer and the widow of his last victim, the door was burst open, a body of armed men poured into the room, and a scene of horrible slaughter followed. No quarter was given. The bridegroom was cut down among the first, and, in less than ten minutes, fifteen of his twenty companions lay dead beside him, the rest escaping by leaping through the windows. The poor widow was rescued, and, with her sister, was borne away and placed in charge of a stanch Whig family; and before the light of another day, "Marion and his merry men" were back in the dark recesses of their swamp-retreat, ready as ever to sally forth at a minute's notice and strike for liberty and vengeance against the foemen of their beloved country

SNOBS AND SNOBBERIES.

It is funny the number of people reported "out of town" this summer in New York, and who yet may be seen furtively peeping through the closed blinds of their corroded silver-door-plate-looking houses, impatiently biding the time when Fashion will again allow them to use their feet in public without losing caste. Of all the ridiculous absurdities practiced by its devotees, this self-immolation seems to us the crowning folly. If the transparent trick was successful, there might, from their point of view, be some merit in it; but when the ice-man, and the grocer, and butcher-boy call every morning all the same, in sight of the whole neighborhood, for orders, who is deceived? Beside, what is the advantage of being on the top round of any ladder, social or otherwise, if it does not include immunity from the petty barriers with which persons of doubtful position are obliged to hedge themselves in to bolster up their false pretensions. People conscious of a well-defined position, it seems to me, need not trouble their heads about who thinks this, that, or the other. If the world is pleased with your personal arrangements well and good; if *not*—well and good—what matter? For our own part, we chalk down in our memory every summer a list of the sensible notables, who have the moral courage to be seen promenading the city after Fashion closes her blinds and bids the dust collect on her door-steps; and who do not, when they have an errand out, affect a travelling-dress to give the impression that they are only birds of passage, on the way to some woodland retreat.

This simultaneous jumping-over-the-wall, like a flock of sheep, at a certain moment, at a certain day in every year, is irresistibly ludicrous. As we have said, why people, sure of their social position, need do all this violence to their convenience and comfort, as is certainly the case with many, is a most inscrutable mystery. Why every family in New York must needs dine at five or six in the afternoon, throwing biscuit to hungry juniors meanwhile, to assuage the pangs of postponed appetite, is another mystery. Why Mrs. Snidikens cannot regulate the meals of her own household to suit her and their convenience, instead of Mrs. Grundy's, will never be solved in this world I fear. Why she should be ashamed to dine at the wholesome and hungry hour of one or two, instead of the ridiculous and jaded hour of six, I leave to some country debating society, hard up for a topic for discussion. Or why Mrs. Snidikens's ridiculous snobberies should infect the country, banishing dignity, freedom and independence, and producing that remarkable hodge-podge way of living, "which only he who feels it knows," I also submit to the same investigating committee.

FANNY FERN.

OUR LANES AND ALLEYS.

How do the children of the poor live?—we often marvel; with the accumulated filth of weeks upon their skins; with refuse food picked from ash-barrels and grocery-gutters; with the poisoned night air of the terrible sleeping-den they call "home." That they *do* live and thrive too, we see, though soap and water is a stranger to their skins, and a comb to their tangled heads. But then we also reflect, who takes a list of those who fortunately *die?* Not even the luckless parents have time, if they wished to do so, to regret their loss; how much less we, to whom the street seems *always* swarming with bare-footed children of all sorts and sizes. That even *one* from this vast renegade, Lilliputian army, should grow up and out of this diseased physical and moral atmosphere, to become a useful member of society, is matter of unbounded astonishment. Only He who notices the fall of the sparrow, knows how it may be so. FANNY FERN.

WOULD YOU?

How many of us would accept the gift of life were the offer made us to enter upon it anew, with the memory of our past experience ever present to us! We cannot but think the number would be very small. All that gives spring to exertion is *hope;* that being crushed out of us by disappointments, and failures, and false friends, what were the prolonged agony of a new lease of life worth? All the fresh bloom of life being brushed off by contact with hard daily experience, why re-accept the tasteless fruit? No, better as it is! Better the gradual deadening of the feelings and faculties to our surroundings and to our lot. Better the gradual filming of the eye by the kindly, oblivious touch of old age. Better the weary longing for rest, when the goal is found not worth the striving for. Better the closed ear, when there is so little left worth the hearing. FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

Julie.—No, Mademoiselle. We do not answer *all* the questions proposed to us. We do not, for example, answer questions which we are unable to answer. Strange as that may seem to you, it is nevertheless true. Then, we do not answer questions which we have often answered before. Nor do we answer any question designed to draw out a puff of any person, place, or book. Nor any questions the answers to which would give unmerited pain. Nor any questions which do not admit of an answer interesting to persons besides the asker. And we are apt to disregard the letters which contain not a question or two merely, but a catechism. You perceive yourself that of all your list of questions we have answered but one.

Private.—An able-bodied soldier requires, on an average, thirty-three ounces of solid food every twenty-four hours. Of this quantity, not less than six ounces, and not more than twelve ounces, should be flesh.

Ella.—It is not impolite *not* to invite a gentleman to call again, every time he goes away; although such a thing soon becomes such a mere form, that it is a matter of little consequence, either way.

Anonymous.—Your problem is by no means a difficult one. Three pounds and three quarters of beef, at three cents and three quarters per pound, come to fourteen cents and one sixteenth.

E. F. W. N.—A child born at sea takes the nationality of its parents.

O. B. H.—This inquirer is a young man who, after having shown a young woman only ordinary civilities, was astonished to receive from her a written declaration of love. Being unversed in the ways of the world, and still less in those of lovely woman, he did not know what to do, and therefore did nothing. He wishes our opinion upon this affair. Our opinion is, that he did perfectly right in not replying to the girl's letter. With regard to her conduct, we can only say what we have said before, that all women who make such advances to men are certainly fools, and probably worse than fools. No matter how ignorant a girl may be, nature has given her an instinctive sense of the folly and immodesty of such conduct. Her dignity and her power as a wife require that she should have been *wooed* before she was won. It is necessary for her always to be able to feel, and for her husband always to be obliged to remember, that he chose her, solicited her, courted and besought her.

Uncertainty.—This correspondent labors under an embarrassment of a peculiar kind. He loves a lady who is half a foot taller than himself. He has to look up to her when he speaks, and she has to stoop when she takes his arm. The question is: Is a disparity of this nature a sufficient cause for him to refrain from proposing to her. We think it is, unless they are both very deeply and permanently attached. There are so many good women in the world, that it is not worth while for a man to make himself and his wife objects of life-long ridicule by uniting himself with a woman he cannot kiss without standing on his tiptoe. To use the language of a New York boy, when he is attacked by a bigger one, "Let him take one of his own size." Everyone should bear in mind that marriage is designed to last a life-time, and that an objection that would be of no consequence for a month, becomes tremendous if it is to last "till death do us part."

Pax Vobiscum.—The best friend a young man can have is a strict master. You complain that your employer objects to your reading during business hours. He is right. You complain that if he sees you doing nothing, he finds you something to do. He is right. You complain that he looks very sharply at the shelves in the evening to see that the goods are properly put away. He is right. You complain that he forbids your sitting down while you are on duty behind the counter. He is right. Such employers form their clerks into good and successful business men.

Student.—Lovers should not be too exacting. If you do not *confide* in the young lady, you do not truly love her; and if you do not truly love her, you ought not to be engaged to her. Suppose she did choose to walk home with somebody else, not knowing that you were at hand, what is that to make any fuss about? Because a young fellow has the honor to be engaged to a young lady, that is not to say he owns her, and has a right to control her actions.

Russet writes as follows: "I am engaged to a lady who acknowledges that she loves me, yet treats me with the most provoking formality; for instance, when we are separated, she signs her letters to me thus: 'Yours respectfully,' &c. What could I do to bring about a different state of things?" The best thing for you to do is to marry the lady as soon as possible. She will then probably lose her "respect" for you—i. e., if you are like the generality of husbands of the present day.

Irey.—You say your mother is about to marry a second time, and that you do not desire to live at home on that account; also that you have received an offer of marriage from a man whom you do not love. Should you accept that offer to get away from home? Certainly not. Why not live with your guardian, whom you mention? You say you have money in your own right. Do anything honest, rather than "marry for a home" a person you cannot love.

Jocko.—Yes, most of the letters of the alphabet were formerly used as numerals, although but few of them are now so used. The letter A formerly denoted 500; B, 300; C, 100; D, 500; E, 250; F, 40; G, 400; H, 200; J, 1—J was formerly the same letter as I; K, 250; L, 50; M, 1000; N, 900; O, 11; P, 400; Q, 500; R, 80; S, 7; T, 160; U was the same as V; V, 5; W, not used; X, 10; Y, 150; Z, 2000.

C. K.—You say you are dependent on your relations for support, and that you have received proposals of marriage from an old man whom you cannot love. Shall you accept? Certainly not, unless you would link yourself to certain misery. Marrying for money or position is in any case a despicable thing to do. Why should a young person like you be in a hurry about so serious a matter?

E. B.—If you were betrothed to your lover by others when both were children, and you desire *not* to be held to the engagement, there certainly can be no reason in *this* country why you should be forced to do so. That your lover desires to hold you against your will is only a stronger reason for freeing yourself, as no honorable man would conduct thus.

Agrippa.—The use of the word *she*, as applied to the church, is natural enough to those who speak of the church as a "mother." It is merely a sectarian peculiarity. The custom is harmless, and not worth making a fuss about. With regard to speaking of ships and countries as feminine, it is a matter of taste. If you don't like it, don't do it.

Uncertainty.—You say you are in love with a lady older than yourself, and cannot declare your love because you cannot bear the idea of having to "look up to a wife." The fact that you entertain such an idea as that shows that it is impossible you can be "in love" with the lady; so you can dismiss the matter at once.

Boston B.—You are not worthy the love of any girl, if you are really in earnest, when you say you wish to "punish her a little" for anything she has done. What is right for *you* is right for *her*—suppose she tries to punish *you* a little? It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

W. J. T.—It certainly is very wrong for your mother-in-law to bring objectionable men-visitors to your house, after you have expostulated with her on the impropriety of it, and you do perfectly right, under such circumstances, to forbid her your house, for the sake of your young wife, as well as her own.

Emma.—The word almoner means a distributor of alms. Ancient kings, great nobles and monasteries all maintained almoners, who were usually clergymen of rank. It was the rule of all religious houses to devote one tenth of their revenue to the poor, and it was the office of the almoner to distribute the amount.

Egbert says he has a very pretty picture of a little child asleep and an angel standing beside it, said angel being represented with a human form and features, and clothed in a green velvet tunic. He wishes to know if such apparel for angels is authorized by the Bible. The engravings in some editions of the Scriptures certainly represent angels clothed in drapery, but whether the text authorizes such representation is a different question. The Bible speaks of angels on their visits to sublunary spheres as appearing in bodily form to, and conversing with, mortals; and even speaks of the eye, ear, arm and hand of God; of his remembering and forgetting; and ascribes to him other attributes applicable in a literal sense only to human beings, and totally at variance with one's idea of divinity and omnipotence. This ascription of human faculties to spiritual beings is termed *anthropomorphism*, and arises from the incapacity of the human mind to form adequate conceptions of spiritual beings, or to find words with which to convey these ideas, except by using terms of analogy with things cognizable by the senses. In regard to representing angels with a human form, and as clothed in human apparel, it would be as supremely impossible to paint an angel without form, as it is to represent anything else and not give to it some shape, however shadowy it may be; and it strikes us that an angel with drapery would look much better than one without any apparel.

An Unhappy Inquirer.—Why do you make such a pretense of "inquiring for a young friend" when you know very well that the pretense is all a sham? You are the "young lady" who is in such an "unfortunate predicament," &c., &c. Every paragraph of your three-page and long-spun letter shows that you are the *principal* and not the *agent*. Such a want of frankness and courage, and such a tendency to subterfuge as your letter displays, furnish a key to many, if not all, of your troubles. A noted author says that "a girl who *fancies* herself in love takes to a lie as naturally as a rat does to a hole," which is, of course, a very harsh and ungallant declaration, and one that should never have been made; and we are sorry that your letter made us think of it. If you are really in love with the young man, and he is in the same "predicament" towards you, you must wait quietly, patiently and womanly, until you become of age and can govern your own conduct. In the meantime the delay will give time to bring over your parents to your side, or perhaps to show you that they are in the right, or to give you an opportunity to satisfy yourself, at least, beyond all question, that your best happiness can only be secured by marrying the person referred to.

Railroad.—"A young lady who comes to a railroad station about half a mile distant from her home, every morning at half-past seven o'clock, to see a young gentleman, with whom she has lately become acquainted, off to the city and bid him good-bye," must be a very warm-hearted, impulsive and indiscreet girl. Such conduct might arise from an unusual degree of simplicity and an unsophisticated innocence and frankness that think no evil; or it might result from a lack of sufficient maidenly modesty to restrain the impulses of a new and deep attachment.

South Street.—The various questions concerning the levying of the income tax and other direct taxes will doubtless be settled by the United States authorities in time to give every one an opportunity to read and digest them before the tax-gatherers come round. At present, it would be useless for any one to attempt to give a specific interpretation of the acts touching all the various items. It is pleasant to know that the people are so patriotic as to be ready and willing to pay all needful taxes for the support of the government.

Kentucky.—If your wife's love for you and her children will not induce her to refrain from indulging in the intoxicating bowl, we know not what influence *can* restrain her. The strongest passions in woman, and those from which the highest, best and noblest motives and actions flow, are wifely and maternal love; and when these fail, we fear that hope must be abandoned. Is there no serious fault on your side?

Eunice.—The selection and application of military terms and titles are to a great extent arbitrary. The reason why a lieutenant-general is an officer of higher rank than a major-general, is, because the authorities have so ordered and determined. There is, however, some degree of consistency in the application of the terms, as you would see should you study the organization of armies.

Desdemona.—You say you are a young wife of eighteen, and wish to get a divorce that you may follow the theatrical profession. The whole tenor of your letter shows you to be weak and foolish. If you do not desire to make a wreck of yourself for life, stay in the respectable and comfortable home provided for you. You little know the perils which you would so willingly and thoughtlessly encounter.

Mina.—Nothing permanently improves the complexion except good health and cleanliness. There are many substances which, for a short time, may give the skin an unnatural whiteness and softness; but the effect not only soon passes off, but it is apt to leave the skin in a worse condition than it was before. In fact, all cosmetics are vulgar and stupid, the use of which well-bred girls disdain.

E V. writes: "A young lady whom I accompanied on a visit slighted me while there designedly, preferring the society of others, in consequence of which I left her to go home alone. What have you to say about my conduct?" You did a very low and ungentlemanly action. You should have waited upon her home, and then, if you chose, cut her acquaintance.

Emeline.—We have only to say, in regard to your marrying contrary to the wishes of your parents, that the chances are that you are in the wrong, and that the cases are rare in which such a course is either right or advisable. Try what patient waiting will do, and take good care to be *sure* that you are right before you go ahead.

Canada.—Vera Cruz is about the last place we should recommend any one to emigrate to. The harbor is not safe in all winds; the town, being surrounded by swamps and sand-hills, is unhealthy; and the government, by no means liberal, is very far from being stable. The place contains about nine thousand inhabitants, and has considerable commerce.

Eva.—Anacreon was one of the most distinguished lyric poets of Greece. He was born at Teos, in Ionia, and attained celebrity as a poet B. C. 530. Five books of his poems are said to have once existed; but only sixty-eight lyrics ascribed to him are now extant, and of these comparatively few are regarded as genuine productions of Anacreon.

G. B. J.—The Apollo Belvedere is a nude statue of Apollo, about seven feet in hight, which was executed by some now unknown artist, as it is supposed during the reign of Nero, and which was found among the ruins of ancient Antium, now Capo d'Anzo, and purchased by Pope Julius II., who placed it in the Belvedere of the Vatican, from which it derives its name.

H. S. E.—The newspaper called The Old Countryman ceased to exist many years ago. It is an almost universal practice of editors to preserve a file of their papers, and we therefore think it probable that a file of the Old Countryman may still be in existence. To ascertain the fact, it would be necessary to make research in this city.

W. W.—The largest of the whale tribe is the Great Northern Rorqual, which measures from 90 to 110 feet in length. The largest specimen on record was 120 feet long, and had at the time of his decease 600 codfish in his stomach, besides several thousands of small fish. This monster was forty feet thick.

Hibernia.—Daniel O'Connell cannot properly be said to have been "a man of humble origin." His family was one of the most ancient in Ireland, though not very rich. His father, Morgan O'Connell, possessed a tolerable estate, but it was a rich uncle who sent Daniel to college, and started him in the profession of the law.

P. B.—You ask if it is wrong for two people who love each other to marry, when there is disparity of age involved. No. That question, or any other question of the kind, never comes up to trouble the parties where there is *real love* between them.

S. H.—It is best for you to consult some intelligent physician with regard to your case. Persons who try every remedy that is proposed by those who know nothing about it, will be more likely to create and aggravate disease than to effect a cure.

W.—Congress, with the concurrence of the president has the power to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, when rebellion or invasion makes such suspension necessary for the public safety.

Curtis.—We do not think it would be proper for you to make a present to any lady whom you had only met once. It is taking too great a liberty for so short an acquaintance.

Suspense says he is engaged to a flirt, and does not like "her style," and wants to know how to get out of the scrape. Offer to release her from her engagement unless she changes her style, and stick to your resolution.

H. W. T.—The pay of a first lieutenant of engineers in the army of the United States is $120,83 per month; of infantry, $108.50. This includes all the emoluments.

Vincent.—We know of nothing powerful enough to remove freckles which would not seriously injure the skin, and perhaps affect your health injuriously.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*